

The TATLER

Vol. CXVIII. No. 1537.

London, December 10, 1930

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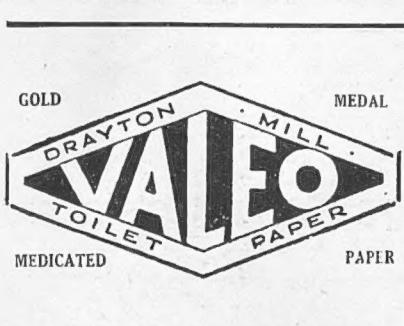
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The TATLER

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THE VISCOUNTESS FURNESS

The beautiful wife of Lord Furness, who was formerly Mrs. Converse, and is the daughter of Mr. Harry Hays Morgan, U.S.A. Consul-General at Buenos Aires. The first Lady Furness died in 1921. Lord Furness, who has large shipping and iron and steel interests, is also a famous breeder of blood-stock, and a former Master of the York and Ainsty hounds (1912-19), for the first two years jointly with Mr. J. Stapylton, and it was during his mastership that a very famous hound, Vandyke (1916), was bred. Vandyke was the sire of Critic, dam of the Quorn champion, Cruiser. Both Lord and Lady Furness are very popular personalities in Leicestershire. His seat is Burrough Court, Melton



WITH THE JED FOREST HOUNDS: THE HON. JEAN CAMPBELL, THE HON. GAVIN CAMPBELL AND LADY STRATHEDEN

This famous Border pack is a next-door neighbour of the Buccleuch, and its country is not very dissimilar. Mr. T. W. Robson-Scott has been Master since 1903. The Hon. Jean and the Hon. Gavin Campbell are Lord Stratheden's sister and brother. Lady Stratheden was Miss Jean Anstruther-Gray and was married in 1923

GROSVENOR SQUARE, S.W. 1.

WELL, Patience, what with one thing and another, such as Lady Londonderry's musical party at Londonderry House, Lady Pearson's dance for yet another daughter, and the Blandfords' farewell gathering before they set out for East Africa last week was quite festive. Which accounted, I suppose, for the impression that everyone had come up to London. Walking from the International Sportsman's Club in Grosvenor Street to the Embassy I fell in with at least half-a-dozen familiar figures on the way. First there was young Lord Milton, the only son in Lady Fitzwilliam's big family, descending the steps of the family mansion in Grosvenor Square.

A little later I met the Argentine Minister hurrying off to lunch at the Ritz. And in the last few yards of my journey I saw Mrs. Lionel Harris, Lady Evelyn Beauchamp and her husband, and Lady Bridgett Poulett, whom some people think the loveliest of all the debutantes of the last season or two. She was described the other day as the Lady Diana of the future.

* * *

At the Club I had already found the young Comte de Breteuil, whose father was the Prince's host when he went to spend some months in Paris just before the War. Also the striking Mlle. Régis de Oliveira and Lady Marjorie Dalrymple-Hamilton, very much absorbed with the arrangements for an ice carnival. She knows all about this substance, both of the artificial variety and the sort which St. Moritz propagates so well in the winter. She is always to be found at Suvretta House with an amusing

The
Letters of
Eve



AT NEWMARKET DECEMBER SALES:
LADY GRANARD AND THE MARQUIS
DE ST. SAUVEUR

Cold but good was most people's verdict on things up Newmarket way last week when the important December Sales were on and buyers from all parts of the world foregathered. Lady Granard was formerly Miss Ogden Mills

party, of which she herself is chief jester. Last season Mr. Gaspard Ponsonby and Miss Veronica Christie-Miller were members of this company, both very much in demand where humour and beauty are required. I leave you to attribute the right quality to the intended individual.

Among the lunchers at the Embassy were Lord Castlerosse and Mr. Michael Arlen, obviously exchanging some very good stories, Lord and Lady Bechtive, Mrs. Wells Thorpe, who was off to Switzerland next day, and Baroness de Belabre with Mrs. Jim Robertson. Mrs. Robertson was on her way to the Haymarket matinée which Mrs. MacCorquodale, Miss Vacani, and Miss Crabbe had arranged for the Queen Charlotte's Maternity Hospital; Miss Patricia Robertson, her daughter, was appearing as an active supporter of this excellent cause.

* * *

These matinées always err a little on the side of generosity, so I slipped out for half an hour or so to see the latest



AT THE ASHORNE BALL-CABARET: MISS BERYL
BUCKMASTER AND LORD FEILDING

Some more pictures of the successful ball and cabaret organized for the Warwickshire Conservative funds appear on p. 484 in this issue. Mr. and Mrs. Bryant lent Ashorne for it, and Miss Beryl Buckmaster, who is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Buckmaster was one of those who worked hard to make it a success. Lord Feilding is the Earl of Denbigh's son

show at the Leicester Galleries. This consists of some more of Kay Neilson's exquisite illustrations of fairy tales, most of which are to be found in "Red Magic," the last of the Romer Wilson series of fairy books, and some lovely paintings and water colours chiefly of Venice, by the French artist, Henry de Waroquier.

He has evidently seen the City of Canals in many more moods than most of us, for the familiar blues, mellow pinks, and stone colours are mixed with vigorous reds and greens against stormy skies. Particularly I like Saint Simeon with the movement of its black gondolas and gondoliers.

After seeing these I returned to the matinée for the later half of the programme, and to hear Lady Howard de Walden's

announcement that £750 had been added to the hospital funds. Her two elder girls, Miss Bronwen and Miss Elizabeth Scott-Ellis, were among the dozen or more pretty young people who appeared most successfully in the Russian Peasants' Dance, cleverly dressed in red and white American cloth with yellow boleros, and red boots and hats. There was nothing amateur about any of them.

Then as a grand finale came the pageant of superstitions, for which Mrs. McCorquodale had designed all the dresses. The most effective, I think, were Mrs. Edward Baron as

AT ETON: SIR NEVILLE AND LADY PEARSON, JOHN BUCKMASTER, AND MISS DU MAURIER

Watching the St. Andrew's Day wall game between the Collegers and the Oppidans. No wonder they look a bit worried as even some Etonians do not know the rules as well as all that. You have to be brought up to it really to enjoy it. It may be haggis to the herd!

"The Moon Through Glass," and Mrs. Evan Morgan looking like a Velasquez Infanta as "Opals."

"A superb party"—this is Warwickshire's verdict on the Conservative Cabaret Ball, for which Mr. and Mrs. Bryant lent their beautiful house, Ashorne. Let us hope such unqualified praise from a country where criticism is not unknown will compensate the host and hostess for their generosity, as well as Mrs. Byng and Miss Beryl Buckmaster for the tremendous work entailed in producing so excellent a show.

All the cabaret items were good, with Miss Mimi Crawford as the star turn, exhibition dancers treading many a mazy measure, and Commander Simond bringing down the house with visible proof of the sincerest

form of flattery. What fun it must be to possess such a facility for mimicry.

The Warwickshire hunt turned up in great force; four brides of the year, Mrs. Thistleton, Mrs. Smith-Bingham, Mrs. Dunn, and Mrs. Liddell being decoratively noticeable even among a collection of exceptional good lookers. Lady Harrington and Lady Jaffray kept a supper engagement with the Norman Loders, and Mrs. Loder's sister and brother, Mrs. Kemble—prettier than ever in a lamé frock—and Mr. Derek Fisher, who is an Atherstone stalwart.

Lord and Lady Feilding and Lord and Lady Bearsted were there as well as Captain Margesson, the member for Rugby, Lord Willoughby de Broke, the Mantons, Mrs. Caversham, Mrs. Simonds, Lady Plunket, Captain Garland Emmet and his wife; but I must really stop, or my pen will give out. One face was much missed, and that was Mrs. Buckmaster's, a fall out hunting being the unfortunate reason for her absence.



THE DUCHESS OF PORTLAND

Who received the guests at the Ball at Grosvenor House last week, organized by St. Mary's Hospital Ladies' Association, in aid of the extension fund appeal. The Duchess of Portland is Chairman of the Ladies' Association. T.R.H. the Duke and Duchess of York graciously consented to be present at the Ball

From Hampshire comes news of the Maharajah of Bikanir's week-end visit to Lord and Lady Manners at Avon Tyrrell. Pheasant shooting was one of the amusements provided for this distinguished guest who still further endorsed his reputation as a super shot. I believe a marker is always stationed beside him during a battue, keeping written note not only of the number of birds falling to his gun but the number of cartridges fired. H.H.'s standard is tremendously high, and I was told that not

long ago when he used 140 cartridges to account for 120 birds he considered that he had done poorly.

It is, presumably, unnecessary to remind you that the Maharajah of Bikanir is one of the most notable figures at the Round Table Conference. His English is perfect and the other day he made a very interesting and able speech at a meeting of the Navy League.



MISS PATRICIA TORRENS, MISS MARY CHESTON,
MISS PAULINE GOWER, AND MISS CASSANDRA COKE

Who are amongst those who are selling favours at the Ice-Hockey match, and afterwards at the Ball to be held at Grosvenor House, on December 11, in aid of the Young Conservatives Union

While he was staying at Avon Tyrrell the Maharajah went over to lunch with Sir Brian Egerton, who was his tutor for many years in India and for whom he has a great regard. This is not surprising as Sir Brian is

(Continued overleaf)

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THE RECENT GROSVENOR HOUSE ICE CARNIVAL

A snapshot at a rehearsal for this carnival which happened on December 1 and which was in aid of the Empire Memorial Hospital Extension Fund. The carnival was organized by the Marchioness of Linlithgow and Lady Marjorie Dalrymple, the younger of Lord and Lady Stair's two daughters. In the above group the names are: The Countess of Airlie, the Viscountess de Vesci, Miss T. D. Richardson, Miss Joyce Wethered, Lady Marjorie Dalrymple, Lady Balmoral, Lady Romilly, Lady Mildred Fitzgerald, and Lady Elinor O'Brien

THE LETTERS OF EVE—continued

an exceedingly charming person whose family holds what I should think must be a record, for he was one of seven brothers all knighted for their services to England.

Fishing is one of his amusements and Avon salmon are well worthy of pursuit as they run very big. The season opens at the beginning of February but at this time of year a certain number of blue-nosed people are to be seen huddled in boats and sleet apparently enjoying the cold comfort of lurking barbel, chub, and pike to their doom. It sounds a dull proposition to me, but the possibility of securing a 30-lb. pike, as was the case last year, might give it a fillip.

* * *

Very cold weather, very heavy going, and very good racing were three features of Newbury. Lady Glenapp, in dark blue corduroy, was a fourth, and I was also struck by the extraordinary spring displayed by Annaly. His partiality for leaving hurdles so far beneath him cost him the race, but I think Lord Rosebery's three-year-old is worth following. In this connection, did I ever tell you about one woman of my acquaintance who, evidently anxious to impress with her knowledge of turf technicalities assured me that she intended never to let such a horse run "alone." "Loose" was, of course, the *mot juste* she was after, but her version immediately suggested to me the vision of a roundabout form constantly embarking on a hopeless chase!

Lady Essex has taken up racing with enthusiasm, and seemed quite oblivious of the icy conditions at Newbury, so absorbed was she in the various contests afoot. Mr. and Lady Sybil Phipps had come to see No Fooling run, and Captain and Mrs. Kenneth MacCreaith found the meeting well worth the long trek from Newstead Abbey. Captain and Mrs. Geoffrey Lowndes were also to be observed in the Members' enclosure. Hampshire is their home, and playing cricket for his county is one of Captain Lowndes' summer activities.

* * *

At the Queen's Hall the other day a large crowd came to hear the Hallé orchestra with Madame Suggia as soloist.

Amongst the audience I saw Lord Rosse, Captain and Mrs. Oliver Brett, and Mrs. Victor Cochran-Baillie, who looked most striking in a black velvet coat with a white fur collar.

Madame Suggia played the solo part in Elgar's 'cello concerto. Dressed in heavy white satin, she sat on a dais and made melody with her customary skill and verve, her ram-like head thrown back in rapturous unconcern. After receiving an ovation and countless bouquets she descended to the stalls to listen to Schubert's long C major symphony, which ended the concert.

* * * *

What of "Ever Green"? Go to it, friend, if you want a kaleidoscopic musical show of supreme artistry, the revue touch emphasized by the revolving stage, a hint of cabaret, a revel of colour and melody—in fact something new. Amazing Mr. Cochran!

The first night audience at the Adelphi worthily maintained tradition and during the intervals it was positively dangerous to move about, so great was the crush in gangways, passages, and even the big entrance foyer. Violet Duchess of Rutland, Mr. Gordon Selfridge, and one of the Dolly Sisters were in the front row. Not far behind was the Aga Khan, and I also espied Lady Brecknock, Mrs. Dudley Gilroy, Lord Cromer, Mrs. Claude Leigh, and Miss Baby Jungman. Lady du Maurier was with Mrs. Kate Loder, whose daughter, Joy, was one of the loveliest of the "Young Ladies," and Miss Mala Brand and Miss Yolande de Belabre both looked well in white satin frocks and short black coats with ermine collars.

* * * *

On Sunday night the After-Dinner Club held its final reception of the year at the New Burlington Galleries. It was an entertaining gathering, with music—provided by Walter Widdop, Tatiana, Makushina, and Bratza as the attraction.

Sir Ernest Benn, President for 1930 of the A.D.C., and Lady Benn were hand in glove with the many guests, among whom were such notabilities as Mark Hambourg, Mr. Adrian Boult, and Mr. J. C. Stobart of the B.B.C., and Benno Moseiwitch. Mrs. Claude Beddington, a very enthusiastic member of the club, is always interesting to encounter; her point of view is so original and her Irish wit has a cosmopolitan polish.—Ever, EVE.



MRS. ROBIN D'ERLANGER

Who is very busy organizing her fourth annual pageant ball in aid of St. John's Hospital, Lewisham, and it is to be held at the Park Lane Hotel on Wednesday, December 17. It is to be called "The Eclipse Ball," and everyone is asked to wear black and white to carry out the idea. Over sixty beautiful people are assisting in "The Pageant of a Thousand and One Lights."

NOW READY

Don't forget "The Tatler" Christmas Number—a riot of Humour, Interest, and Colour

ON VIEW IN LONDON

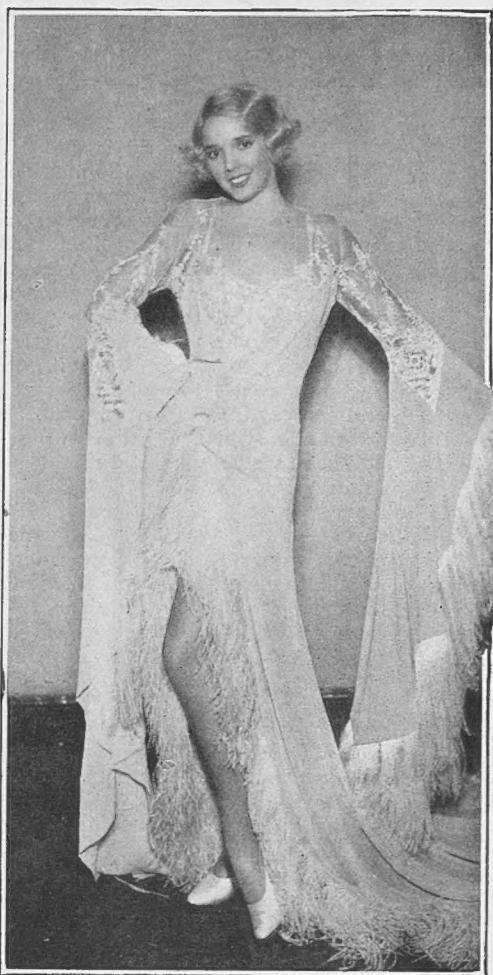


Stage Photo Co.
IRIS HOEY AS THE WOMAN AND
DENYS BLAKELOCK AS THE
SAILOR IN "THE QUEEN BEE"



IN "EVER GREEN": THE
CHARM OF CHITA

Lithe and lovely, youthful and fascinating, Chita gives a new meaning to acrobatic dancing, and her grace in "Ever Green" has taken London by storm. A musical comedy in the revue manner is what Mr. Cochran presents at the Adelphi, and there is no doubt about its success. In "The Queen Bee" Miss Iris Hoey gives a remarkable performance as the woman who drove three men (one of them her husband) to death. A graveyard scene features in this comedy taken from the French. "A Murder has been Arranged," Mr. Emlyn Williams' excellent thriller, gives good opportunities to Mr. Kendall and Miss Scott. "Oh, Daddy," with Mr. Berry and Miss Thatcher as leads, is a farce of the more riotous sort and great fun



AS HARRIET GREEN: JESSIE
MATTHEWS AT THE ADELPHI

In "Ever Green," Mr. Cochran's latest proof of superb showmanship, Miss Matthews, playing lead opposite Sonnie Hale, is a young actress who pretends to be sixty in order to achieve success; but falling in love interferes with her plan



Stage Photo Co.
"A MURDER HAS BEEN ARRANGED": HENRY
KENDALL AND MARGARETTA SCOTT



Stage Photo Co.
"OH, DADDY": W. H. BERRY AND HEATHER
THATCHER AT PRINCES THEATRE

The Cinema : A Question for the Future

By JAMES AGATE

THE cinema world is wildly excited by something called the wide film. To many of us it has seemed that the present film, though not so deep as a well nor so wide as a church door, served all reasonable needs. Then came the talkies, bringing in their train the need for a larger area of sound-track, "the desire to remedy the curtailment of the width of picture made necessary by the introduction of the sound track and to provide a picture of more artistic, pleasing, and spectacular proportions." It would appear that the new film is going to be costly, and it goes without saying that a great part of the cost to which the British exhibitor will be put will find its way into American pockets. As I see it, judging upon information which I believe to be accurate, the silent picture had been virtually killed by its own extravagance, since not even America had discovered how to play the game of beggar-my-neighbour at a lasting profit. Then came the talkies, which revived the industry for a couple of years or so. But you cannot entertain the world permanently with the prattle of inarticulate dough-boys and nitwit chorus-girls. America, therefore, judges that the time for a fillip has arrived. But there must be an end to these stimuli, just as there is a limit to the amount of strychnine you can pump into the faint heart. What everybody wants to know is what is going to happen to the industry when it has done all that is possible with colour and stereoscopic vision. Nothing more, I think, can be done with audibility which is now as near perfection as makes no matter. Is it possible that the film industry will finally have to concern itself with the thing filmed rather than with the method of filming? The question calls for longer vision than that with which we generally credit our film-magnates. But surely even these must have perceived that if the film is to last as a permanent addition to, and enrichment of, the pleasures of mankind, it must concern itself with something worth filming.

I wonder if I shall be considered entirely imbecile if I suggest that two avenues remain for exploration: one is the universal appetite for music, and the other is the deep-rooted passion for fine drama which not even the commercial theatre has been able to kill. I wonder whether the film-industry has realized the extent of the growth of musical taste in this country since the invention of the gramophone. Is it wildly ludicrous to suggest that there is a future for opera on the films? Frankly I do not see why it should not be possible to have the opera of Covent Garden brought to our large cinemas. Some little time ago I was taken to Covent Garden to see and hear *The Valkyrie*, and I am compelled to say that from one of the last rows of the stalls I saw precious little. I abhor opera-glasses, and with the naked eye it was totally impossible to tell from the expressionless blob which was Wotan, and what kind of thoughts were passing through that old codger's brain. Two other blobs of femininity gesticulated in the German fashion, also quite unintelligibly, and the scenery was, of course, nonsense. The better is the enemy of the good, and there is no doubt to my mind that the film-actor whom you can see is the better than the flesh-and-blood actor whom you can't. A similar sort of thing happens in connection with the music. The gramophone—though it may sound impious to say it—brings the music nearer to one. Some little time ago I heard a performance at the Queen's Hall of Strauss's *Don Juan*, and immediately upon returning home put on the latest recording of that tone-poem, and to my horror discovered that I had enjoyed the record more than I had enjoyed the actual performance, for the simple reason that I seemed to hear it better. Even if it be proved to me that I didn't, I will swear that the difference between the two renderings was not sufficient to make me to turn out on a wet night instead of sitting comfortably by the fire.

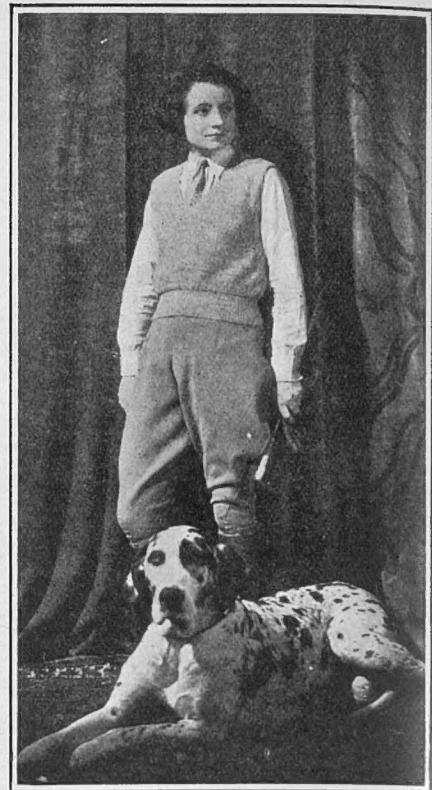
But one must think in broader terms than one's own personal

preferences. Grand opera in London can be heard only for about six weeks out of the fifty-two, which means that at most, even if people can afford to pay the prices, grand opera cannot be heard on the grand scale—for I am disregarding our praiseworthy travelling companies—by more than some 60,000 people. But suppose the cinema were to contemplate opera seriously and, what is more, cinematographically. No, dear readers, I do not mean *La Bohème* and *Tosca* or even *Rosenkavalier*. The operas I am thinking of are those in which even Mr. Cecil B. de Mille could let himself go. What about *Aïda* and *Tannhäuser* and *Carmen* and *The Huguenots*? Of course we should not have to be purists, and it is conceivable, even probable, that the operas could not be consecutive affairs, but would have to be intermittent so as to permit the introduction of those scenes at present merely implied in the operas. Thus in *Aïda* there could be half an hour in which Mr. de Mille could let himself loose on the Sahara. In *Carmen* there would have to be a bull-fight. In *Tannhäuser* the hero could be seen kissing Venus' hand and embracing the Pope's toe, while Meyerbeer's already jolly little trifle could be further enlivened with a massacre in Mr. D. W. Griffith's best manner.

The point about such productions as I am suggesting is that they would not lose their point, and that people would not presumably be willing to see and hear such films over and over again. Whereas when you have once seen the Messrs. Beery cut out Mr. George Bancroft's tonsils with a marlin-spike prior to rolling his body into the lee-scuppers, that, so to speak, is that. In the matter of great drama, what is wrong with a film-version of *Antony and Cleopatra*, in which there is enough film stuff to make what our film-magnates have already done in the way of the stupendous look silly. Personally, I cannot understand how Hollywood has missed the grandeur that was Egypt and the glory that was Rome.

Having written the foregoing I am now terribly afraid that my hint will be taken, and that I shall presently be summoned to view Miss Dolores del Rio as the Bohemian Girl dreaming of marble halls and the high jinks to be performed therein with the help of a couple of sailors recruited from the U.S.A. Navy. In the mind's eye, too, I see Miss Myrna Loy as the Egyptian queen, which perhaps wouldn't be at all so bad. What Hollywood will do, of course, will be to shuffle the cards a little and present us with an operatic, musical-comedy farce based upon Shakespeare's play with Miss Clara Bow as the personification of Egyptian "It"!

A list of films now running in London will be found on p. 470



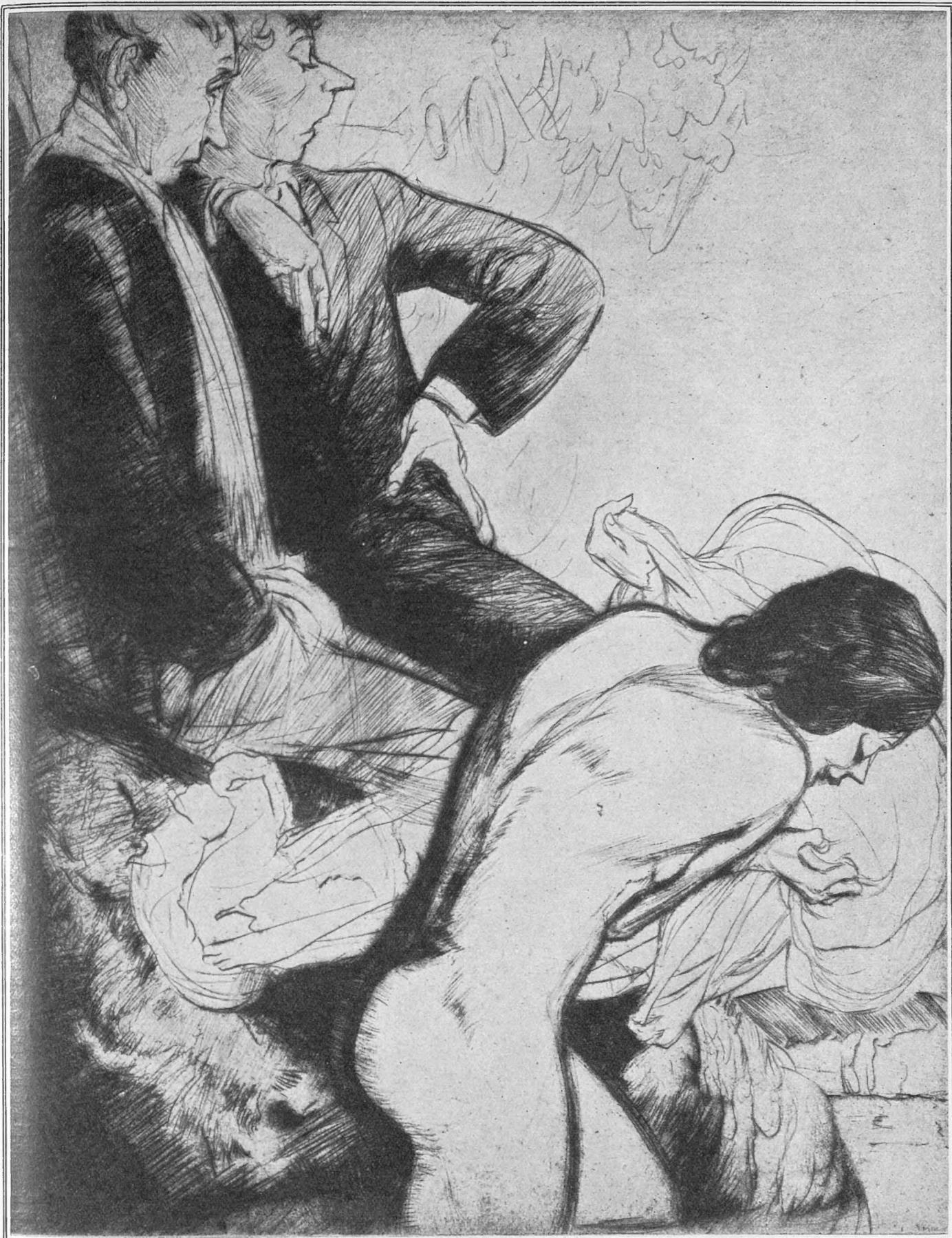
MISS JILL ESMOND-MOORE IN
"THE SKIN GAME" FILM

With the Great Dane, "Miranda," who is also in the picture. Miss Jill Esmond-Moore is the daughter of the late Mr. H. V. Esmond and Mrs. H. V. Esmond (Miss Eva Moore)



"THE GUNNER" FOR THE FILMS

Gunner Moir, ex-H.-W. Boxing Champ., has gone to the movies, and if he can achieve a few more make-ups like this in "Madame Guillotine" is certain to go high up



"OUR YOUTH—SUSANNAH AND THE YOUNGERS"

By Will Dyson

Another specimen of Mr. Will Dyson's satires on "Our Intellectuals," a collection of his dry-point etchings which was on view in November at the St. George's Gallery, Hanover Square. All our pundits are amongst his victims as well as a few others who are not pundits. Bernard Shaw, Dean Inge, Epstein, Dr. Freud, Thomas Hardy, Tolstoy, our Bright Young, the Monarchs of Hollywood, and many more have been pricked by this very good etcher's needle

FROM THE SHIRES AND PROVINCES

From Leicestershire

Great Dalby is never a very promising meet, but in sleet and a dense fog it is discouraging to a degree. We were mercifully saved a cold wait by the Master's deciding immediately to hunt, a decision that was regretted by everyone for the next four scentless frozen hours. A poor day for the Leicestershire shikaris to finish up with. We shall miss them and think of them probably most of the time two fields ahead of their white hunters. It was rather sad on the Saturday at the Repository to see Flash and Myrt's stud dispersed. They'll be lucky to get together such a good lot again, but they've all gone where they'll be appreciated.

Hounds were running nearly all day on Monday, and at times they ran really fast over a charming country in which now the going is getting worse and worse, the take-offs deplorable and the gateways abysmal. The scrimmage in one of the early gateways during one of these bursts was like a panic in a cinema. "Do be careful," cries Miss Sherriffe as the hard-riding knight is pushed bodily sideways over the post like some mere pawn, "E never kicks; your old skite is eating 'is tile, that's all," is heard above the din as the best heavy-weight in England takes the whole lot through with him, the smaller men and horses falling off his prow like an ice-breaker. Few seem to realize that the take-off when used three times in this going is non-existent, and dozens fall over gaps which take twice the doing of the largest place. What weather for horse-dealers with the unavoidable over-reaches and stubs that seem to show up every evening!

It is a tragic thing to think that as apparently no horse has ever under any provocation been known to kick before, that new horses are learning this distressing trick each day. So much of it might be avoided if both the kicker and kickee would keep their horses heads up and their minds occupied with their bits.

From the Belvoir

The best one could say of Wednesday was that we had a nice day for it. Hounds couldn't run a yard and foxes wouldn't, making a very trying day for the huntsman and on occasions for the Masters. Goadby is a pretty old-world place, but one can have a surfeit of it. What an ender the soldier took galloping down the lane, no harm done, but the principal figure only recognized by his identity disc. Quite a lot of leaping in the afternoon from Melton Spinney and some falling. After being "thrown at a formidable hedge," which is journalese for smudging some low rails, Elizabeth let go her horse to feel if her new hat was intact, a fact which gives one some idea of comparative values. Probably Mr. Ford has only one collar stud, and no woman has two presentable hunting hats.

Saturday never looked like being anything but an absolute soaker, though from the way hounds started from Clawson Thorns it looked as though that wouldn't matter. Was it because "thought" is by the well-known sire "wish" that George cast towards the vale?

Sherbrooke's is always drawn on the coldest days in the year, and foxes take a pride in dawdling about inside. This time, however, he made a quickish get-away and the field splashed down the Daresbury by-pass blessing the donor. The bridges were under water, the grass rode like junket, and the plough like a bad soufflé. It was as much as horses could do to take off at all, and the spot where Jack's horse failed is marked by a depression which will be recontoured on the new Ordnance maps. From Holwell Mouth it is a far cry back to Hose Thorns especially when fog has joined the rain, and a heartfelt cheer was given by even the most enthusiastic of sportsmen when the Masters decided for home.

From the Beaufort

The field seems to be gradually increasing each week, and with the arrival of the 11th Hussars at Tidworth, it all helps to add a bit more welcome "pink" to the galloping throng. Scent has improved, and Monday from Tockenham we had a real good hunt right into the V.W.H. (Cricklade) country, and there we united with Colonel Fuller's hounds and both packs hunted round Red Lodge together, but unfortunately a joint kill was averted by fresh foxes afoot, so the Cease Fire was sounded. Tuesday's meet at Chedglove (Mr. Hugh Baker's, where hospitality is always flowing), was one of our largest fields this season, and the home covert produced a leash; however scent was none too good, and a slow hunt almost to Rodmanton gave us a lot of leaping, but the afternoon hunt from Boldridge Break was voted the best fun of the day. The lady from Avening

found her horse full of running (in spite of the heavy going) late into the afternoon. Wednesday at the Kennels was a Red Letter day. The ducal foxes are beginning to learn the country. The first hunt from Beach Bed to Fosse Lodge was a six-mile point and a nice line of country, and was followed in the afternoon by even a better hunt from Allengrove to Yalton Kennel with a kill at Dunley Bottom. The dog hounds were again in luck on Thursday from Broad Hinton, but Friday at Pucklechurch, with the weather conditions at their worst, a combination of frost, fog, and then a cold rain, scent could not be expected, hence an early retreat to the kennels. But Saturday from Lower Stanton, everyone who wanted to be busy was on the go all day except the unlucky ones, who fell in that nasty little ditch by Bincombe. Our hockey season has now commenced and seems very popular, judging by the large attendance of spectators.

From Warwickshire

In spite of the week's weather conditions varying between frost, fog, heavy rain, with a dash of the plagues of Egypt thrown in, hounds accounted for a fair quota of foxes. Capital sport from Toddenham—horses, hounds, and riders returned home a little fatigued. "Plenty of foxes! Plenty of foxes!" in the vernacular of our world-known thruster. Spion Kop provided the needful, and hounds raced up-wind through Dunsden to kill in the open beyond Leamington Coppice. Back to Timms and away to the Osiers—where a fresh fox jumped up leaving the "bridge gate-crashers" riding away from hounds—so again past Toddenham to beyond Aston Hales only to double back and get to ground. No one more pleased than our Ditchford friends

at Golden Cross holding a fox—who lives for yet another day. All sympathies to Ida, may her ribs soon mend. No need for the "Newspaper Peers" to propound any fresh policy. "Beryl for Bonhomie!" She delivered the goods and polled every vote. Everything went with a "kick," from the champagne to the super-excellent cabaret provided by Nellie Taylor, Mimi Crawford and Company, to whom we are all truly thankful.

From the Fernie

Rainstorms swept the country when hounds met at Lubenham on November 24, the conditions being far from pleasant. Most people wore so-called impervious macs, but nevertheless there were few who kept dry. The rather incongruous costume of tops, bowler, and shooting jacket figured on one famous fox-hunter. Several of the bravest faced the elements without cover, which included the Master of the Mid-Kent "Staggers" and the lady visitor on the priceless hunter. Fred Kinch hunted the pack under difficult circumstances. This his first opportunity, but although foxes were absent, one was found in Bosworth Gorse late in the day and led us a nice dance over the Walton and Knaptoft country, completing a right-hand ring

(Continued on p. xxviii)



WITH THE BERKELEY: MRS. TURNER AND SQUIRE HARDWICK

Snap-shot when the Berkeley met at Tortworth Court, Gloucestershire. Lord Ducie's seat. Mrs. Turner is the wife of the Joint Master, Lieut.-Colonel C. E. Turner, D.S.O., of Old Down, Tockington

UP AND DOWN THE COUNTRY



LADY ANNALY AND HER CHILDREN: THE HON. PATRICIA AND THE HON. LUKE WHITE



LORD AND LADY COCHRANE OF CULTS' GOLDEN WEDDING

Innes

The names in the group of the family luncheon party at Crawford Priory for the celebration of Lord and Lady Cochrane of Cults' golden wedding, left to right, are; seated—Major Hon. T. G. F. Cochrane, D.S.O. (eldest son), Lady Cochrane of Cults, Lord Cochrane of Cults, the Countess of Elgin (daughter); standing—Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton (son-in-law), Lady Newton, the Earl of Dundonald (brother of Lord Cochrane), Hon. Mrs. Leith-Hay, the Earl of Elgin (son-in-law), Commander the Hon. A. D. Cochrane, D.S.O. (son), Mrs. Hon. A. D. Cochrane.



WITH THE NORTH SHROPSHIRE AT HODNET HALL

Truman Howell

A group taken when these hounds met at Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Heber-Percy's house last week. In front—Mrs. J. H. Hayes, Mrs. W. W. Hayes, Mrs. Brian Bibby M.F.H., The Master, Miss M. Meyrick, Mrs. A. H. Heber-Percy, Constance, Lady Stanier, and Mr. A. H. Heber-Percy; in rear—Mr. C. H. Heber-Percy, Mr. E. W. Watkins-Wynn, Mrs. Stanier, Miss Robinson, Mr. Falkner, and Mrs. Meyrick of Apsley Castle



THREE D'OYLY CARTE LEADING LADIES: MISS RITA MACKAY, MISS WINIFRED LAWSON, AND MISS MARJORIE EYRE

Ian Smith

Of those in these pictures Lady Annaly, who was Lady Lavinia Spencer, was taken with her children on the steps of her town house. The heir, the Hon. Luke White, is three. Lord Annaly was formerly in the 11th Hussars. The three leading ladies of the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company were caught by the camera on the links on the Braid Hills. The company is at present having a three weeks' season in Edinburgh. Mrs. Brian Bibby took over the Mastership of the North Shropshire from her husband, Captain F. Brian Bibby, in 1929, and has made a good success. The hunt is a very old one, and dates back to early in the eighteenth century

THE PASSING SHOWS



MR. JUSTICE SPARROWHAWK (MR. ROBERTSON HARE) SITS UP AND TAKES NOTICE

His lordship is seen displaying that intimate knowledge of mundane affairs so characteristic of the brightest ornaments of the Bench. At this moment he is asking à propos of "the cat's whiskers" whether the cat was there at the time

Watchman, What of the Night?

A WORLD hungry for laughter clamours to know its fate. Low-brows and mezzo-brows open their morning papers in a mood of quiet confidence. There has been another earthquake in Japan; the body of the Giggleswick typist is still missing; both the Liberal party have voted with the Government; there is no truth in the rumour that Miss Tarara Blankhead was smacked with a fish-knife in a West-end restaurant; copper has fallen two points; a Borstal boy has written a scurrilous book about Harrow . . . ah, at last. "New farce at the Aldwych. Laughter as usual. Success . . ."

The world breathes again. Lynn's in his heaven; all's well with the world.

This sort of thing has been going on for so long that Time and the Aldwych confront each other in the same sort of attitude as the private soldier adopted towards "the duration." Is it nine years since Messrs. Tom Walls and Ralph Lynn joined forces? Or nineteen? Or ninety-seven? I vaguely know that a play called *A Night Like This*, by Mr. Ben Travers, was produced at the Aldwych within living memory. I seem to remember my grandfather prophesying that this Mr. Travers was bound, sooner or later, to have a failure. He could recall the days when Travers, then quite a boy, had written a play called *The Cuckoo in the Nook*, or was it *Rookery Nest*? I myself have dim recollections of hearing how delighted Mr. Gladstone was by a farce called *Thark*. This piece

was followed, shortly before the outbreak of the Boer War, by *Plunder*, which was considered in its day to be considerably freer in thought than Ibsen, and quite as entertaining as Oscar Wilde. How time does fly.

That section of the community which professes a total ignorance of such everyday phenomena as Mrs. Hearn and Mickey Mouse may care to know that *Marry the Girl*, the new play at the Aldwych, is not by Mr. Ben Travers. To the excellent Order of Loyal and Ancient Aldwychians this pronouncement has brought a twinge of pain on every occasion of its reiteration in the Press. Efforts to persuade the Lord Chamberlain to intervene having failed, *Marry the Girl* was duly performed at the headquarters of the Order and witnessed by Mr. Travers himself (who is now spending his ninetieth birthday quietly in Hollywood) and by Mr. Kenneth Kove, who, for some obscure reason, has not been given a part in the production. According to one critic this actor, whose features are said to typify Einstein's theory of the perpetual vacuum, was discovered wandering about disconsolately in the auditorium. I say no more.

Meanwhile Messrs. George Arthurs and Arthur Miller (intruders!) have knocked together a story which serves its purpose. Mr. Ralph Lynn is a chuckle-headed philanderer with rooms in the Temple, money to burn, and no inclination for a job of work. Mr. Tom Walls is once more his boon companion, an idle barrister this time,



COUNSEL FOR THE DEFENDANT (MR. TOM WALLS)

In the curious position of putting his bosom pal through the breach of promise hoop after previously playing the leading part in a stratagem of his own invention to cool the ardour of the aggrieved party



THE DEFENDANT HIMSELF (MR. RALPH LYNN)

At the moment when writhing in the box he is endeavouring to explain that his intentions were strictly honourable but entirely non-matrimonial

whose call to the Bar is more liquid than legal. Mr. Lynn, when the play begins, somewhat slowly, is getting engaged to Miss Doreen Bendix under the approving nose of her mother, Miss Ethel Coleridge, and his own butler, Mr. George Barrett. Mr. Walls joins in the champagne celebrations, and no cloud appears upon the horizon to derange the dental glory of Mr. Lynn's self-satisfied smile. But outside the storm is gathering. It breaks in the person of Mrs. Chattaway (Miss Mary Brough). Mrs. Chattaway, apart from being Miss Mary Brough (may her shadow never grow less) is the mother of two children. One is Cyril (Mr. Dennis O'Neill), who suffers mid-way from a surfeit of avoirdupois. The other is Doris, who, being Miss Winifred Shotter, is far too pretty to discuss the price of bath salts with susceptible philanderers in the scent department of a London store. Mr. Lynn has been buying her jewellery (even going so far as to give her a ring), holding her hand in cinemas, taking her to the dogs, and writing her letters. He would.

The situation may not be new, but it gives Mr. Lynn ample scope for a steady flow of persiflage and mendacity. With a breach of promise action threatening, Mr. Walls is appealed to for help. Will he be so kind as to compromise Doris and thereby give her platonic pursuer a loop-hole for escape? Most certainly he will not! "You can lead a girl to the sofa but you can't make her sit down," he remarks in his fruitiest decanter manner. Mr. Lynn, in despair, produces Doris's photograph. Mr. Walls instantly relents. Doris is introduced and beguiled by an appeal for sympathy. Mr. Walls suggests a joy ride in Mr. Lynn's car as the preliminary repair to a broken heart.

Act II leads persuasively on to that final court scene to which we have been looking forward ever since we bought our programme. The car is stolen and smashed while the occupants are dining *à deux*. They spend an innocent night in the country and return to face Mr. Lynn's show of wrath next morning. Miss Brough reappears, loudly insinuating that Doris is hidden on the premises. Mr. Walls interposes a story that his friend is penniless and expecting the brokers. Mr. Lynn, taking the word the wrong way, burbles happily of a successful coup in the City. In a despairing aside Mr. Walls repeats the cue. "The brokers, you fool—the bailiffs—the bums." Mr. Lynn's appropriately directed glance at the Chattaways, mother



THE RIVALS

Jane (Miss Doreen Bendix) is engaged to Wally (Mr. Ralph Lynn), but that simple philanderer is already clandestinely entangled with the shop-girl, Doris (Miss Winifred Shotter)



THE POWERS BEHIND THE PLAINTIFF

Mrs. Chattaway (Miss Mary Brough) does most of the talking before and during the proceedings in Court, supported at intervals by her obese and obtuse son, Cyril (Mr. Dennis O'Neill). It was she who suggested that her daughter should wear the plaintiff's ring on her engagement finger

and son, is more eloquent than words. The house roared its school-room approval. Miss Shotter is hidden in the bedroom while Miss Bendix, left alone, turns on the gramophone, the signal for her rival to emerge. Miss Brough, having departed via the police station to her solicitors, the fat is in the fire. Doris departs in sorrow, Jane precedes her in anger. Mr. Lynn, bereft of two fiancées, rings up the Gas, Light and Coke Company and orders a gas oven for immediate delivery. Mr. Walls' wealthy brother-in-law (Mr. Gordon James) then drops in to urge the black sheep of the family to work. Mr. Walls, having tried to borrow a monkey from Mr. Lynn and being referred to the Zoo, consents to accept the proffered brief as a start. How well we know what that brief is to be!

Court scenes, they say, are infallible, and this one is a continuous chuckle which burgeons ever and anon into uproarious mirth. Mr. Walls, in wig and gown, conducts the case with a roving eye and a spirit of brusque insolence which makes one pray that his next part will bring back the elderly roué whose nose turns a deeper purple at the swish of a skirt or the popping of a cork. Miss Brough hurls broad-bosomed defiance from the witness-box. Mr. J. Robertson-Hare, in a wig, is the Mr. Justice Sparrowhawk (glorious thought) whose jokes convulse the jury, one lady member in particular being well and truly sworn by the producer on account of a laugh guaranteed to make a cat follow suit. Mr. Lynn is summoned loudly and often, arrives late by the wrong door, and starts the house laughing in earnest by inquiring with bland unconcern whether anyone has been calling him. To see this superb buffoon wiping his feet on an imaginary mat before entering the box, arranging his hat and gloves, smiling at the judge, leaning over to gaze knowingly into his friend's face, popping out to tell a story about a parrot to a member of the Press, giving his own case away, listening to the reading of his love-letters—that is the old-times stuff we have been waiting for. This act is all too short. It could be given greater length and point by using the stolen car incident to turn the tables on counsel for the plaintiff. But who's grumbling? *Marry the Girl*, at any rate, is a reunion. And any excuse for that is good enough. "TRINCULO."



LADY MARGARET HAWKINS AND HER DAUGHTERS

Lady Margaret Hawkins, who is the eldest daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch, was married to Lieut.-Commander Geoffrey Hawkins in 1926, and Anne, their elder daughter, was born in 1928. The newly-born daughter is to be christened Renira

clever." As a cat, one longs to curl oneself round in front of a fire to dream of simple people, and happy, simple things. Such books, for example, as all the novels by Jane Austen, Miss Mitford's "Our Village," and Mrs. Gaskell's "Cranford." Strangely enough, all by women! But then, certain women have the genius to illuminate the friendly, intimate aspect of every-day life with humour, tenderness, and the more peaceful sentiments. I doubt, in the case of Mrs. Gaskell, if her other books are read nowadays. "Cranford," however, remains and will surely remain for all time. And so her name will be forever linked with one of the sweetest stories ever written. Thus Miss Elizabeth Haldane's delightful book, "Mrs. Gaskell and her Friends" (Hodder and Stoughton, 12s. 6d.), is sure of a warm welcome. Curiously enough, however, Mrs. Gaskell's life is almost uneventful apart from her friends. She never knew hardship. Her disposition was a happy one. Success was not long in coming. Her private life was one of peaceful domesticity. Yet she had the sympathy and understanding to draw towards herself the friendship of infinitely diverse types. Some of the most interesting pages in Miss Haldane's most interesting study deal with her close friendship with Florence Nightingale, and her even closer friendship with Charlotte Brontë. She was often the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Nightingale. In the letters she writes from Lea Hurst she describes the effect of Florence Nightingale in her home life; it throws a most interesting light on the nature of that remarkable woman. "She has no friends—and she wants none. She stands perfectly alone, half-way between God and His creatures. She used to go a great deal among the villagers here, who dote upon her. One poor woman lost a boy seven years ago of white swelling at the knee, and F. N. went twice a day to dress it. The boy shrank from death; F. N. took an engraving from some Italian master, a figure of Christ as the Good Shepherd carrying a little lamb in His arms, and told the boy that so tenderly would Christ carry him, etc. The mother speaks of F. N. as of a heavenly angel. Yet the father of the dead child died last September, and I was a witness to the extreme difficulty with which Parthe induced Florence to go to see this childless widow once whilst she was here; and though the woman entreated her to come again she never did. She will not go among the villagers now because her heart and soul are absorbed by her hospital plans, and as she says she can only attend to one thing at once. She is so

Mrs. Gaskell

There are some books for which always I thank heaven! They appeal to the mood which turns away wearily from the contemplation of reality and the turmoil of every-day people and every-day problems; turns into some haven of mental and emotional restfulness, infinitely peaceful. One does become so tired occasionally of the super-subtle and "a wfully

excessively soft and gentle in voice, manner, and movement that one never feels the unbendableness of her character when one is near her." Mrs. Gaskell's friendship with Charlotte Brontë, however, was more intimate. She was the only visitor at Haworth to whom the Rev. Patrick would unbend sufficiently to pass a few hours with in friendly intercourse. Emily Brontë, of course, Mrs. Gaskell never understood. I doubt if she understood Charlotte, although she realized as a novelist the extraordinary drama of that tragic family and their tragic circumstances. There are letters in the book which give one an almost clearer insight into this tragedy than are to be found even in her famous "Life of Charlotte Brontë." "For as long as I can remember—Tabby says since they were little bairns—Miss Brontë and Miss Emily and Miss Anne used to put away their sewing after prayers and walk all three one after the other round the table in the parlour till nearly eleven o'clock. Miss Emily walked as long as she could, and when she died Miss Anne and Miss Brontë took it up; and now my heart aches to hear Miss Brontë walking, walking on alone. And after inquiring I found that after Miss Brontë had seen me to my room she did come down every night, and begin that slow monotonous incessant walk in which I am sure I should fancy I heard the steps of the dead following me. She says she could not sleep without it, and she and her sisters talked over the plans and projects of their whole lives at such times." They are these extraordinary interesting letters which lend to this study of Mrs. Gaskell a very real importance. Herself, she was a generous, warm-hearted woman, whose novels, apart from "Cranford," were usually propaganda mixed with fiction, exceedingly well-written stories driving home some human injustice or some demand for human pity. An interesting woman who lived in interesting times. Miss Haldane gives us a very sympathetic study of a woman essentially sympathetic. Not an outstanding personality, perhaps, but a very lovable one. Her book, especially those chapters which deal with Florence Nightingale and the Brontës, is absorbing.

* * *
The Secret of Happiness.

I am glad Mr. Bertrand Russell called his new book, "The Conquest of Happiness" (Allen and Unwin, 7s. 6d.), because, although most people seem to live as if happiness were a gift which makes them exceedingly angry if it is withheld, it is really a victory—a by no means easy victory to attain either. What happiness is has never been defined more clearly than in this delightful book. Best of all is the first part which deals with the question of unhappiness. For I am sneakingly in concord with Schopenhauer, who asserts



MADAME FUMIKO ASAOKO TAKEBAYASHI AND HER DAUGHTER

Madame Takebayashi is a talented Japanese authoress, and this year has written Japan's best seller, the title of which has not been communicated at the same time as this fascinating picture was sent from Japan

(Continued on p. 478)

DOUBLE-EDGED

By George Belcher



"No, there was no mistake, Mrs. Green. I see 'er with me own eyes; she was just as plain as you are"

WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

that happiness is freedom from pain, otherwise unhappiness. A negative-positive, so to speak. There is, however, valuable wisdom written on every page in Mr. Russell's book. And how well-written, too! And how amusing at odd moments! And always so stimulating and so helpful! I know about two score of people I would like to send the book to only I fear that they would read it, enjoy it—and never realise it applied to them and their woes. Which is the way of people who make a "song" of their miseries and secretly wouldn't be without them for worlds. But what a wise book this is all the same.

* * * * *

Thoughts from "The Conquest of Happiness."

"Men who are unhappy, like men who sleep badly, are always proud of the fact."

"The wise man will be as happy as circumstances permit, and if he finds the contemplation of the universe painful beyond a point, he will contemplate something else instead."

"To be without some of the things you want is an indispensable part of happiness."

"What people mean by the struggle for life is really the struggle for success."

"Unless a man has been taught what to do with success after getting it, the achievement of it must inevitably leave him a prey to boredom."

"A happy life must be to a great extent a quiet life, for it is only in an atmosphere of quiet that true joy can live."

"The essentials of human happiness are simple, so simple that sophisticated people cannot bring themselves to admit what it is they really lack."

"Nothing is so dull as to be encased in self, nothing so exhilarating as to have attention and energy directed outwards."

"Our motives in doing good are seldom as pure as we imagine them to be. Love of power is insidious; it has many disguises."

* * * * *

Strange Indeed!

That it takes all sorts to make a world is half the fun of life. In any case, and when you are dealing with human beings, you are silly if you say such and such a character is impossible. Nothing is too queer for humanity to achieve. Therefore, when you are reading Miss Netta Syrett's new and very interesting novel, "Strange Marriage" (Bles. 7s. 6d.), you must accept her theory that a man, aged thirty-five, would live for years with the wife he loved without attempting to consummate the marriage, because on the wedding-night, out of sheer ignorance, she resisted his endearments. At the first rebuff he never approached her in that way again. Yet he loved her passionately; she loved him passionately; but he had been brought up in complete ignorance by a silly mother, who never allowed him to mix with young men of his own age, and his young wife was only eighteen and had lived in the depths of the country, meeting scarcely anyone other than her younger brothers and sisters. Even so, I cannot imagine two healthy human beings being unable to come to some kind of understanding, providing they both are in love and willing. Nevertheless, Miss Syrett asserts the contrary. Poor Jenny quite naturally at last falls in love with a youth of her own age. The War precipitates events. She is about to bear her lover a child when the truth is brought home to her that her husband loves her, that after all she loves him, that they had never been husband and wife; not because of some physical infirmity, but because they were both too shy and too reserved to make even tentative invitations. His noble self-sacrifice when he learns that his wife is going to have a child of which he could not possibly be the father, reveals all this to her. Granted the premises as being possible, however, "Strange Marriage" is a very well-

written and a very interesting story. I don't believe that Netta Syrett could write rubbish if she tried, but in her latest novel she has given us a tale which in originality and interest may be compared to her own "Story of a Rebel," and that is the most sincere compliment I can give it.

* * * * *

The "Classic" of Almost Any Dog.

What a lovely book Rudyard Kipling's "Thy Servant a Dog" (Macmillan. 5s.) is! I don't mean lovely in the accepted sense of loveliness—though G. L. Stampa's illustrations are very attractive—but lovely in the sense that here is a book which so far as is humanly possible gets into the soul of the loveliest mind the Creator ever created—the mind of a dog. It is the simple story of two little Aberdeen terriers, Boots and Slippers, and their companion, a foxhound, as it might be told by Boots in the human language which most dogs understand, if they be really your friend and companion and not merely a dog. The charm of it, providing you are a dog-lover, and so understand the jolly and lovable mentality of dogs, is irresistible. From beginning to end so enchantingly "sheer dog!" So amusing, if the amusing mischievousness of dogs amuses you. So happy—if the happy companionship of dogs is, or has been, yours once upon a time. And you will be no real dog lover if at the very end you do not want to swallow hard and not feel in the least ashamed of your emotion. In its subject and in its treatment this is a lovely book.

* * * * *

A Prophetic Story.

Mr. Donald Sinderby's exciting novel, "Mother-in-Law India" (Marriott. 7s. 6d.) is a prophetic novel on the theme that "there isn't any India at all, so it's hopeless to discuss it." Which is to say that there are so many Indias that almost you might declare there is no such thing. The story is a prophetic description of what might—who knows, alas, perhaps what *will* happen?—when India is accorded self-government, and an effete British Government gives into the hands of the many Indians the fruits and labour and incalculable wealth which Britons and Britain have poured into it to make it what it is to-day.

The usual things happen of course; the tragic usual things which politicians with so-called moral ideals never foresee until they are actu-

ally happening. Revolution, war, one religious sect striving to gain power over their rivals, and their rivals fighting among themselves and against the main enemy to thrust *their* might and power upon a disunited country. The author evidently knows his India more than merely well. His story is certainly melodramatic but exciting and moving to a degree. It is a novel of "high lights," but the "high lights" certainly

do show up something impossible to ignore. If you are interested in the Indian question it will repay you to read this novel. If you're not it is still a novel worth reading.

UNPRECEDENTED DEMAND

"SOUL'S DARK COTTAGE" (6s.)

BY RICHARD KING

Order Now

Hodder and Stoughton.



THE VISCOUNTESS DUNEDIN

By Autori

An impression by the famous caricaturist of the present Lady Dunedin, who is Lord Dunedin's second wife, and was married in 1923. Lady Dunedin was formerly Miss Jean Findlay. Lord Dunedin, who was Mr. Andrew Murray Graham, was raised to the Peerage in 1905, and is the Keeper of the Great Seal of Scotland, and a Lord of Appeal in Ordinary

478



IF DREAMS CAME TRUE!—THE CRACK SHOT

By Patrick Bellew

DEEWARCS



MAYBE A FRIEND OF YOURS will send you one of these special cases of "White Label" for Christmas. And you'll open it with joy—well knowing the wonderful spirit that fills each bottle. Whisky that has been matured and blended in the heart of the Scottish Highlands. Whisky that recalls the scent of the wet pine woods under a soft grey Scottish sky. Whisky

whose full yet velvety flavour gives strange and satisfying comfort to a man. How many of your friends might have just such delight if you were to send Christmas cases of "White Label"? You can get them for the asking from your usual supplier. Containing two, three or six bottles—ready packed and secured. Wonderful gift. Wonderful Whisky. **"WHITE LABEL"!**

Wonderful Whisky WHITE LABEL



LADY ASHLEY

Paul Tanquer.

Three Portraits

Many well-known people forgathered last Wednesday night (November 26) at the Park Lane Hotel for the Jewels of Empire Ball, of which Lady Louis Mountbatten was President. Lady Ashley had a special part to play, as she formed one of the decorative diamond group in the Jewel Pageant, which everyone agreed was a triumph for the organizer, Miss Olga Lynn. Miss Coral Pinckard, the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Pinckard of Combe Court, was also concerned with one of last week's big charity affairs, the position of Chairman of the St. Andrew's Eve Ball's Junior Committee, giving her plenty to do. But results proved her efforts to have been well worth while. Her father, who owns the "Saturday Review" and "Yachting Monthly," was Master of the Chiddington for eight seasons, and supervises a remount depot on part of his estate, the land for which he presented to the War Office. Mrs. Carl Bendix, whose fair-haired son, Michael, is a most engaging young person, was Miss Daisy Hancox before her marriage. Her husband is a financier of note



MISS CORAL PINCKARD

Hay Wrightson



MRS. CARL BENDIX AND MICHAEL

Yevonde

THE COMTESSE DE JANZÉ *Yevonde*

The beautiful wife of the young French politician and well-known big game shot, the Comte de Janzé. The Comtesse before her marriage in January last was the widow of the late Mr. Thomas Jefferson Ryan of New York and Washington

unfortunate and unknown individual. The amazed and horrified driver of the car was naturally arrested and is being held in prison pending his trial for "homicide par imprudence!" Now I suggest that it is those who are responsible for the lighting of the ill-laid, bumpy, slippery (to the pedestrian) cobblestoned roads of certain streets in Paris who are the real authors of the accident and not the man who was driving the closed, vibrating "inside drive" with its dim town lamps through the ill-lighted streets of what is called—to my mind so ironically—la Ville Lumière!

Every time that I drive home from the centre of Paris after midnight, which is often since I am an inveterate "First-Nighter," I am obsessed by the thought of the possibility of the sort of accident I have just mentioned. After one leaves the light-as-day Place de la Concorde (and even there one has the other side of the picture for one is dazzled on wet nights by the lights reflected on the asphalt), and one follows the Seine in the direction of Auteuil, one is immediately plunged into semi-darkness. The Cour la Reine and quai de Tokio are as gloomy as a village main street after dark or a sea-side resort in winter. Just now the *quais* are more than ever sinister; the swollen river surges between its embankments with angry, sucking noises; it no longer has the appearance of water but rather of something thick, like porridge, vilely menacing and altogether horrible. A few nights ago men were toiling till dawn to bank up the weaker places along the *quais*, but now all has been done that it is possible to do, and we are merely waiting for the rain to cease . . . or the worse-than-1910 to happen! If one lives near the river one wakes in the night to hear the heavy pumps clanking and rumbling under pressure trying to relieve the over-swollen drains or empty the cellars of certain old houses that are already inundated . . . Oh, we are having some happy winter nights, and so, sez I, thank God for Saint Catherine and a happy afternoon!

Yes, a very happy afternoon, for despite the drizzle and down-pour, the streets, from one o'clock onwards, were full of midinettes gaily "coiffed" in honour of St. Catherine, the patron

PRISCILLA IN PARIS

TRÈS CHER.—Why are there so many dark streets in big cities? Surely, given the taxes we pay and the possibilities of electric lighting, even the meanest thoroughfare of Paris should be adequately illuminated. The other night a big car was held up by a *sergent de ville* who, as it passed him, noticed a curious "mass" on the front bumper. The "mass" — which might as well be printed "mess"— turned out to be the b l u g g y corpse of an

saint* of all unmarried (and therefore wise?) virgins having reached the venerable age of . . . twenty-five! Most of the big shops were closed and certainly all the *grands couturiers*. Parties and dances were given everywhere and even the theatres offered special matinées at Greatly Reduced Prices! But best of all I think was the party and private performance given by Captain Molyneux for his personnel at the Cirque Médran. We love the circus in Paris and prove it by having two establishments going all the year round and by filling them nightly as eagerly as we fill the picture houses. Long before the hour mentioned on the invitation cards there were groups of *cousettes* waiting at the doors of the circus on that Tuesday afternoon. Some defied the rain and wore their elaborate head-dresses, others lugged tremendous band-boxes. Those who had not dressed up were greatly concerned for those who had done so, and you cannot imagine the tragedy that was a splash of mud on a white velvet trouser leg! (There were fancy dress costumes as well as mere "bonnets"!) *

Such a pretty sight, the interior of the circus when the lights went up and the band began to play. Such excitement; such calling from one seat to another; such grateful and also such anxious glances at the boxes where Captain Molyneux and his A.D.C.'s presided, and also acted as prize givers for the prettiest coiffure and costume. In the front rows of the ring seats were important personages of the staff and certain well known fashion writers—Elsa Shelley, Moma Clarke, Ruth Jordan, and Yolande le Cler. Busy little Miss Dorothy, wearing some lovely orchids, had a welcoming eye for all the guests and a kindly word for all the excited young "Catherinettes" in the rows behind . . . they rose, in serried ranks, to the top-most seats of the circus. Tumblers and acrobats, equestriennes and cyclists, succeeded each other in the ring, and can't you imagine the joy when the famous clowns, Antonet and Béby, appeared dressed up as "the Midinette and her Swain"? There was a most diverting Grock among them, and oh what cheers were uttered for three young wenches in the uniforms of sergents de ville who arrived late and whose appearance almost stopped the performance. A cheery night—wound up with dancing and a most excellent buffet.—Love, PRISCILLA.

Mlle. MIRIELLE PERREY *Mannell*

Who has established a very firm footing in London, and completely avenged Waterloo by her clever acting in that very bright musical comedy, "Sons o' Guns," at the London Hippodrome. Mirielle Perrey was well established in her home town, Paris, long before she came on to London

THE FAIR ON THE FILMS



LEILA HYAMS



IN "NEW MOON"—ADOLPHE MENJOU AND GRACE MOORE

MARY NOLAN

If you would be successful on the flickers you have got to be both fair and brave, and here are a few people who are. Leila Hyams is John Gilbert's leading lady in the latest one they have done together, "Way for a Sailor." Leila Hyams has usually appeared in the lightest of light comedy and farce films as, for instance, "One Round Hogan." John Gilbert, of course, everyone remembers by reason especially of his good performance in "The Big Parade." Grace Moore and Adolphe Menjou are in one of those costume plays which suit him at any rate so well. "New Moon" is a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture. Mary Nolan really belongs to the stage proper, but she showed in "Sorrell and Son" how well she can play in a moving picture

A WARWICKSHIRE CONSERVATIVE DANCE-CABARET



MRS. FIELDING, MRS. GRANVILLE, MAJOR GRANVILLE, MRS. HOLBROOK, MAJOR FIELDING, AND MAJOR GORE-LANGTON



CAPTAIN MARGESSON, M.P., AND MISS MIMI CRAWFORD



MR. THOMAS, LADY PLUNKET, AND LORD WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE, M.F.H. (nearest camera)



MR. FISHER, MRS. NORMAN LODER, LADY HARRINGTON, LADY JAFFRAY, MR. NORMAN LODER, AND MRS. KEMBLE



INCLUDED IN THIS GROUP: LORD AND LADY FEILDING, COLONEL, AND MRS. HOLBROOK, MRS. CAVERSHAM SIMONDS, MRS. WYNTER, COMMANDER AND MRS. SIMONDS, MRS. RICHARDSON, MR. ROUGHEAD, MISS RICHARDSON, CAPTAIN FAIRFAX-LUCY, ETC.

Mr. and Mrs. Bryant lent their beautiful house, Ashorne, for the Conservative Cabaret Ball, which was a most emphatic success, thanks to all hands who helped in running it, principal amongst whom were Mrs. Byng and Miss Beryl Buckmaster, the daughter of the ex-Warwickshire M.F.H., Mr. Walter Buckmaster and Mrs. Buckmaster, who, unfortunately, could not be there owing to a fall she had out hunting. As may be observed from these groups almost all hunting Warwickshire, including the Master, Lord Willoughby de Broke, and the Secretary, Major Granville, was there, also the Member for the Rugby Division, Captain Margesson, who is seen with Miss Mimi Crawford, whose cabaret turn was a real winner



THE COUNTESS HOWE

Two recent studies of the beautiful wife of the present Lord Howe, who is probably more familiar in political circles—and also motoring ones—as Viscount Curzon. Before Lord Howe succeeded to the Earldom in 1929 on the death of his father and went up to the Lords, he was the fighting, and absolutely fearless Member for Battersea. Lady Howe is his cousin, and is the daughter of the late Colonel the Hon. Montagu Curzon of Garatshay, Loughborough, Leicestershire. The heir, Viscount Curzon, is twenty-two, and there is one daughter, Lady Georgiana Curzon



Photographs by Yevonde, Victoria Street



THE DUCHESS OF WESTMINSTER AND
LADY DOROTHY ASHLEY-COOPER (right)

At the big shoot which the Duke and Duchess of Westminster had recently at Eaton Hall. The Duchess' parents, Sir Frederick and Lady Ponsonby, were both members of this Cheshire forgathering

EATONIANS

The Duke and Duchess
of Westminster's Shoot



LADY SERENA JAMES

The Hon. Robert James' wife was Lady Serena Lumley before her marriage, and lives just outside Richmond in Yorkshire. Her husband, who was one of the guns in action at Eaton, is an enthusiastic and very knowledgeable gardener



THE HON. LADY PONSONBY AND CAPTAIN EDWARD COMPTON

M.R. WINSTON CHURCHILL AND SHOOTING HAT

As was to be expected there was a certain individuality about the head-covering selected by Mr. Churchill in which to meet the Duke of Westminster's pheasants. He was shooting extremely well, and so was Sir George Thursby, another of the numerous guests on this occasion. General Sir Joseph Laycock made good use of the small train which conveys passengers through Eaton's vast park. Captain Compton is Lady Alwyne Compton-Vyner's elder son. Other members of the house-party included Lord Rochdale, who played a good deal of energetic tennis, Lord and Lady Lytton, and Mr. Isaac Bell, M.F.H. The weather on the opening day of the shoot was quite wonderful, the sun being really hot



ALL CHANGE: SIR JOSEPH LAYCOCK AND
THE HON. ROBERT JAMES DISEMBARKING
FROM EATON'S MINIATURE TRAIN



HUNTING WITH THE DARTMOOR

A typical picture from South Devon, in that fascinating country which is hunted by the Dartmoor Hounds, of which Commander C. H. Davey, R.N., has been Master since 1919. The Master was recently presented with a testimonial as some small recognition of the first-class sport he has shown and the good work he has done in breeding such a good pack of hounds. A draft of Dartmoor bitches which the then Quorn Masters bought shortly after the War did marvellously in that kennel. The gentleman in the foreground of the above picture is not, incidentally, Commander Davey. Unfortunately his name was not sent with the picture. A good deal of the country is moorland, but in the south there is grass and a bit of plough and, generally speaking, it is a good scenting region



Truman Howell
HUNTING WITH THE LUDLOW: SIR JAMES CROFT AND HIS MOTHER, LADY CROFT

WINTER SPORTS

Various recent activities, in which horses played a leading part, concerned the people appearing here. Sir James Croft and his mother were at home to the Ludlow hounds at Croft Castle when they were photographed. Sir James, who coxed the Oxford Eight for four years, is a popular Herefordshire landowner, and a keen Territorial. General Peel (on the right) belongs to Shropshire, hunts with Sir Watkin Williams-Wynn's hounds, and is invariably in the first flight. He and his wife found Newbury Chases rather a cold proposition. Lady Poulett, who was also at this meeting, is the mother of the 8th Earl Poulett, and lives at Hinton St. George in Somerset. Her son was twenty-one this year. Brigadier-General C. R. P. Winser, C.M.G., D.S.O., who was at the Newmarket December Sales, lives at Butts Green, near Charlbury, and used to be in the South Lancashire Regiment



NOTICED AT NEWBURY: BRIG.-GENERAL E. J. R. PEEL, C.M.G., D.S.O., AND MRS. PEEL



BRIG.-GENERAL AND MRS. WINSER AT THE NEWMARKET BLOODSTOCK SALES



MR. TOM WALLS IN A NEW RÔLE

How does Mr. Tom Walls find time for all his activities? Not content with training horses, doing film work, and being an actor-manager who plays perennially in Aldwych successes, he has now become Master of the Sussex Staghounds, a recently-formed pack which promises him many a long run. He is seen here in conversation with Captain Ralston at a meet



AT THE NEWBURY MEETING: COUNTESS POULETT (left) WITH MRS. BARRETT



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By A. Davis



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PLAYER'S NAVY CUT TOBACCO & CIGARETTES



SOME SHOOTING AND 'CHASING SNAPS !



P. H. Adams

MR. F. R. DONISTHORPE'S SHOOT AT GOPSALL

A group of the host, the other guns, and some of the guests at a shoot in rather tempestuous weather which Mr. Donisthorpe gave over the Gopsall Hall Estate, Leicestershire, last week. The names in the group are: Back row—Mr. Disney Barlow, Major Mills, Mr. F. R. Donisthorpe, Major Logan, Sir Keith Fraser, Lieut.-Colonel Abbot Robinson, Lord Newborough, Lord Lanesborough, Sir Julian Cahn, M.F.H., and Mr. Victor Pochin; seated—Mrs. Logan, Lady Dorothy Fraser, Lady Cahn, and Mrs. F. R. Donisthorpe



AT BIRMINGHAM 'CHASES: MISS JACKIE McALPINE AND MR. A. D. McALPINE



LORD ONSLOW AND LORD CRANLEIGH AT CLANDON



ALSO AT BIRMINGHAM: MR. DETERDING AND MRS. HUNTINGTON

On the day Mr. A. D. McAlpine and his daughter, who is very well known in the lawn-tennis world, were at Birmingham, his colours scored a right and left in the first two races on the card, Socrates winning the Smethwick Selling 'Chase, and Chatham the Stechford Handicap Hurdle race. Major A. W. Huntington, whose wife is in the snapshot with Mr. Deterding, the well-known G.R., also had some running at Birmingham. The Earl of Onslow and his son and heir, Lord Cranleigh, were snapped when shooting over the Clandon Estate, near Guildford, early last week



FOR THE CHELSEA ARTS BALL: MISS MARJORIE MARS' LITTLE HAT!

The charming young actress is greatly enhancing her dramatic reputation by the good work she is doing in the Besier play, "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," at the Queen's. She is going to the Chelsea Arts Ball on New Year's Eve at the Albert Hall in the little chapeau seen in the picture

A VERY amusing story is told by Mr. Alfred Turner, the popular manager of the Winter Garden Theatre, concerning a man who had attended a banquet, and after a rather hectic evening went home in a rather unsteady state. Being a thoughtful kind of man, he did not wish to awaken his household, so took a grip of himself and opened the door very quietly, and then conceived the brilliant idea of undressing in the bath-room to avoid waking his wife. *En route* he collided sharply with a cabinet, and while undressing found that he had grazed his thigh rather badly, so he stuck on a piece of plaster. In the morning his wife accused him of having come home drunk the night before. "But you were asleep, how could you know anything about it?" asked her aggrieved husband. "Well, my dear," she replied, "who put the plaster on the bath-room mirror?"

* * * *

Sandy made a very serious error at church when the plate came round for the collection. His intention was to put in the usual copper, but he discovered to his dismay that he had put in a half-crown. Immediately after the service, he sought out the vicar and explained that he could not afford so much and asked if he could have two shillings and fivepence change. The vicar, naturally, was loth to part with any of his collection, and Sandy pleaded without avail. At last he said, "Well, sir, I shall come to church for the next twenty-nine Sundays and when the plate comes round I shall say 'Season!'"

* * * *

They had lunched extremely well in the club-house, and then went out for a second round of golf. On the first tee one missed the ball completely. Then his opponent essayed to drive and he, too, missed it.

"Well," said the first golfer with great gravity, "I can see it's going to be a ding-dong struggle."

* * * *

"**W**aiter, I can't possibly drink this wine," cried the diner, angrily. "I think you'd better fetch the manager."

The waiter was under notice. "That wouldn't be any good, sir," he replied, "he can't drink it either."

Bubble and Squeak

The following story concerns two women, each of whom was the mother of a baby boy about eleven months old. Mrs. Brown casually asked if the other's baby had started to walk.

"Not yet," was the reply.

"Mine has, and he isn't quite as old as yours. Has your baby cut any teeth yet?"

"Only one," confessed Mrs. Jones.

"Mine has seven," boasted Mrs. Brown. "Can your baby talk yet?"

"Not yet; can yours?"

"Good gracious, yes! He talks quite a lot."

Mrs. Jones got a bit annoyed at this point.

"Excuse my asking," she remarked acidly, "but does your baby use a safety razor, or just an ordinary one?"

* * * *

She was a big, strong woman, and the burglar she had tackled and captured bore unmistakable signs of punishment.

"It was very plucky of you, madam," said the magistrate, "to have set upon the burglar and captured him, but need you have blackened his eyes and knocked all his front teeth out?"

"Well," said the woman, "how was I to know it was a burglar? I'd been up three hours waiting for my husband. I thought it was him."

* * * *

The justice of the peace in a town in Ohio had to hear and judge cases that were brought before him, and he also performed occasional marriage ceremonies. This made it difficult for him to dissociate the various functions of his office.

Everything had gone smoothly until he had asked one bride, "Do you take this man to be your husband?" and having received her answer he turned to the bridegroom. "What have you to say in your own defence?" he asked.

* * * *

Overheard at a women's lecture on "Hygiene." "When you have given the baby its bottle you should screw its head off and rinse it out."



Yevonde

MR. AND MRS. H. M. HARWOOD

A domestic little picture of the famous playwright and his equally famous wife (Miss F. Tennyson Jesse). Mr. Harwood has two of his plays running in London simultaneously, and both winners—"Cynara," the new one at the Playhouse, and "The Grain of Mustard Seed" revival at the Ambassadors Theatre

THE SOUL IS NEVER EMPTY OF THE LOVELINESS IT GIVES

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Pictures in the Fire : "SABRETACHE"



THE COTSWOLD MEET AT STOWELL PARK

W. Dennis Moss

A group taken at the Hon. Samuel and Mrs. Vestey's house near Cheltenham, where these hounds met recently. The two new Joint Masters, Mr. Arthur Mitchell and Rear-Admiral Marten, are making a bumper success of things, and are most deservedly popular

In this group, left to right, are: Mr. Desmond Pease, Mr. G. B. Pease, Major Mason, Major McFarlane, Mr. Giddins, Mr. Aubrey Price, the Hon. Mrs. Vestey, Mr. Arthur Mitchell, M.F.H. (Joint Master), Mrs. Marten (wife of Rear-Admiral Marten), Mrs. Seeley, Mrs. Arthur Herbert, Miss Mitchell, Mrs. Gresson, Rear-Admiral F. A. Marten (Joint Master), Colonel R. H. A. Greeson, Mr. Stanley Howarth, and Major C. C. Gouldsmith

THE intensely interesting facts disclosed to us by the eminent astrologer, Sir James Jeans, in his recent broadcast talk as to what it would be like if we lived on the sun, carry us a certain distance only, but are none the less most intriguing. Cricket we gather would be impossible even though there would be no danger of Test Matches being held up by rain, for Sir James says that even a strong man would only be able to throw a cricket ball two or three yards. The bowler and the batsman therefore would have to stand less than five feet from one another, and the field would have to be placed in accordance with these circumstances. Again he tells us that even a Sandow would not be able to lift a seven-pound weight. The sun presumably is apt to be a rather thirsty spot, so it would have been thrilling to be told how far even a Goliath could lift a glass. Probably he would have to have one out of a saucer and go down on all fours to it? But it would not really matter, I gather, for Sir James says that to perform either of these feats he would have to be made of steel; a man of ordinary flesh and blood would be crushed flat under his own weight. What a pity it seems that some people you and I know cannot be transported, for nothing short of the thing about which Sir James Jeans speaks seems likely to squash them.

The following most interesting and exciting story of a shooting experience on *safari* in Nyassaland is certain to attract anyone who is too fond of honey, and may even save him from a rather unpleasant end. The adventurer in this case was Lieut.-Colonel Francis Ricardo, and his experience will, I am sure, be of much value to anyone else who may meet a honey-bird and not know that when he leads you to a store of honey, it is the barest manners to leave a bit over for him. If you don't . . . but I think I had better let Colonel Ricardo tell his own story. Here it is:

"We were following the trail of an elephant upon the rather undependable

information supplied by the 'headman' of a native village. He informed us in his musical voice that on the day before he had seen 'tembo cariboo' (elephants quite near). Their idea of 'cariboo,' however, varies from a two hours' walk to one of six hours. Nevertheless, hoping for the best we set off, a native guide leading the way. We had not proceeded far when we heard the sound of a shrill and oft-repeated whistling. This proved to be a honey-bird, so called from the fact that if you follow it, it leads you to a spot where there is honey to be found. Determined to prove this we followed the bird. It kept flying a few trees ahead of us, and then would whistle again until we

came up alongside of it, when off it would go. Having followed it for half-an-hour or so, it started showing great signs of excitement. And near where it was, sure enough, having searched for a few minutes, we came across the honey. Delighted with our find we proceeded to eat it.

"Hardly had we finished when the bird again started its whistling. Thinking that perhaps the bird knew where there was some more honey, and very pleased at the prospect of another feast, we again followed him. We had not gone far when one of the native boys gave a low whistle. We all stopped dead, and it was just as well that we did so, for there in front of us, not more than forty yards away, the tail and hind-quarters of a lion were just visible from behind a bush. Soon the head of the beast appeared, and we took aim and fired. He ran ten yards and then fell stone dead. We afterwards found out that we had committed a gross breach of jungle etiquette in not giving the honey-bird any of the honey after he had led us to the spot where it was found. It is a positive fact that if you deny the bird a share of the feast he will, out of spite, lead you on to the trail of some ferocious animal."

Major-General Sir Cecil Lowther, who is a kinsman of Lord Lonsdale, and himself a big game hunter of considerable note, confirmed Colonel Ricardo's experience, and said that he had always been careful to leave the



BOY-SCOUTING IN YORKSHIRE: LORD HYDE AND MR. GORDON MAY

In the grounds of Mr. Gordon May's house, Athill Court, in the West Riding. Lord Hyde, who is Lord Clarendon's son and heir, was on a visit. Mr. Gordon May is the Commissioner of the Boy Scouts' Association for Wharfedale and Wetherby



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THE C.O. sent for me the other day.

"Mr. Dugong," he said pleasantly—too pleasantly by far, I decided—"I want you to organize the sports on 'Cambrai Day.' We want a good show and also to raise something for the Compassionate Fund. I suggest you exercise your imagination in the direction of side amusements for which a small charge can be made. The General will be present, and as you know he is always very appreciative of a good *bandobast*. All clear? Righto!"

I saluted and thoughtfully withdrew. Personally, I considered the situation about as clear as mud; and after much cogitation, sent out an S.O.S. for my factotum and soldier servant, Private "What-am" Adams. Private Adams had derived this unusual affliction of stuttering, a habit which he had formed in early youth. It was not an ordinary stutter, but a strange impedimentum of speech, consisting of rapidly repeating the word "what-am" before any important announcement. Thus:

"Sir, it's six o'clock. Shall I give the what-am . . . what-am gold-fish their what-am . . . what-am . . ."

"Ant-eggs!" I would murmur drowsily, rolling over again. "Yes, go on, fat-head—give 'em a bushel!"

Or:

"Sir, the Adjutant's compliments, and he would like to see you in the what-am . . . what-am . . ."

"Orderly-room!" I would shout and grab my helmet.

Interesting, you see, when viewed in the light of a guessing competition or a Pelmanistic exercise; but upon occasions—such as when one's bath is going cold, and Private Adams, after a prolonged effort retires for ten minutes to get his refractory stutter under control—decidedly inconvenient.

Yet, with all that, dear old "What-am" had a heart of gold, and it was of him that I thought instinctively in any dire emergency.

He failed to flinch under my present unusual communication.

"Side-shows, sir," he endorsed stolidly. "Yes, sir. Just like what-am . . . what-am 'Ampstead 'Eath."

"You've got it in two, Adams. Let's go together—what do you suggest?"

The great day dawned; and the sports ground to my inflamed imagination closely resembled Derby Day at Epsom. "What-am" had done wonders in the side-show line. There was the usual cocoa-nut shy; but as additional piquancy, he had procured from the purlieus of the bazaar six

BATTERY SPORTS

By "Dugong"

chokras who, adorned in top-hats, passed and repassed behind a canvas screen, erstwhile the muscular and brutal soldiery, at six shies an anna, endeavoured to remove their cranial embellishments.

In the middle of the ground a large marquee was blazoned with the striking slogan:

COME AND SEE THE GREAT SWIMMING MATCH!!
ADMISSION TWO ANNAS.

Inside, floating in a bath-tub placed upon a blanketed-swathed table, was a perfectly good safety-match. Mr. Cochran, please note; a great idea and economical to boot!

The C.O. was pleased.

"Dugong," he said, "this is great. Keep it up. And get plenty of pep into the side-shows when the General comes!"

"What-am's" *chef d'œuvre*, however, over which he personally presided, was a side-show flamboyantly advertising:

A SILVER RUPEE FOR AN ANNA!!

In an innocent tin bowl full of water coyly nestled a shining rupee, and all a budding Cæsus had to do was to pay his anna and pick it out. That, however, was where "What-am" came in, for connected to the bowl were two topped-up storage batteries which when switched on administered a healthy shock most beneficial for tired, tropic nerves, and rendering the recipient when he touched the water a victim of temporary paralysis.

"What-am" was functioning when I came along.

"Try your luck for the what-am . . . what-am . . . Rupee!" chorused the interested bystanders, "Good old 'What-am'!"

I heard the band strike up signalling the General's arrival and hurried: Mid-route, the N.C.O. i/c the *chokra* booth came sweating up.

"Sir, 'Crusher' Hamfist 'as just 'ad six chucks and knocked out four of the little blighters in the 'ats. If they don't get more *bakshish*, they're goin' to *imshi*!"

Having disposed of this unforeseen contingency and barred Private Hamfist from any further participation in the sports, it was brought to my notice that another high-spirited individual, whose demand for money back had been refused, had emptied the contents of the Swimming Match bath over its presiding genius.

I then got an S.O.S. from "What-am."

"Sir," he panted, "the what-am . . . what-am rupee 'as been fished out twice!"

Suddenly assailed, like Mr. Snowden, by a vision of a deficit balance looming darkly overhead, I realized that drastic measures were called for.

"Givé my compliments to the Mechanist Staff Sergeant and ask him to fix up for some more juice!" was my swift and Napoleonic solution.

Ten minutes later the C.O. beckoned.

"The General's making a round of the various shows. Pleased as punch. Follow on!"

I tagged on; and the party, standing respectfully, watched the Old Man try his hand on the *chokras*. The poor little devils, feeling the strain of Private Hamfist's meteoric bombardment, were wilting a bit by then; but he succeeded, much to everyone's relief, in bagging one hat, for which feat he received a princely packet of "Scissors." He paid his two annas for the swimming match and laughed good-humouredly.

At the Rupee booth, "What-am" was missing, and in his stead a strange N.C.O. was conducting operations. The General surveyed the paraphernalia knowingly, and paid his anna like a man. He then stepped up, like the innocent Bride of the Sea, to receive the concentrated discharge of six storage batteries—a mere matter of seventy odd volts!

Decency demands that a veil be drawn over the subsequent proceedings—a scene whose harrowing intensity made stern men blench.

The Adjutant has just told me that my orders for Waziristan are in. It's a dog's life trying to please everybody.

I'd love a Ciro Jewel this Christmas!



★ The Ciro
16" necklace
and every jewel
shown on this
page is priced
21/-

A necklace of pearls. Nothing is so right. And always for the sake of smartness, delicate Ciro jewels—designs of a new distinction to match the new dignity of dress. Give her a Ciro jewel this Christmas. You could not choose anything else so delightfully and completely right.

Ciro Jewellery
Ciro Pearls

OUR UNIQUE OFFER

See the collections at any Ciro Salon. Or we will gladly send you a Ciro necklace or jewel on receipt of its cost. If after a fortnight your choice is found to be unsuitable, we will exchange it, or return your money in full.

Send for new catalogues
"Ciro Pearls" or "Ciro Jewellery."

CIRO PEARLS LTD. (Dept. 8), 178, REGENT STREET AND 48, OLD BOND STREET, LONDON, W.

CITY: 120 Cheapside, E.C. MANCHESTER: 14 St. Ann's Square. LIVERPOOL: 23 Church Street. GLASGOW: 95 Buchanan Street.
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RUGBY RAMBLINGS



THE HAILEYBURY XV AND THE TOUCH JUDGE

R. S. Crisp

The school team which quite out-classed Harrow in the recent match played at Haileybury. The home side won by 14 points to 0. The names in this group are: Back row—J. H. Nicholls, E. J. Unwin, R. C. Ehrke, P. R. Grace, J. E. C. Rickman, J. L. Murray, W. H. B. Coham Fleming, A. P. Russell, T. J. M. Lowry; second row—N. E. Clark, H. J. Parton, W. E. Cole, A. M. Greenwood (captain), A. W. D. Nicholls, J. H. Johnson, H. C. Selby

NOW that the 'Varsity match is a thing of the past, and the trial games are in full swing, it is time to take stock of the International situation. It will be remembered that England rather luckily won the Championship, Wales doing her a good turn by defeating France at Colombes. This Welsh Victory was not unexpected, however, for France, despite all the puffing she got in ill-informed quarters, had obviously one of the weakest teams she has put in the field since she became a serious competitor for the Championship.

England's record consisted of a rather unexpected victory over Wales, a defeat at Dublin, which the team fully deserved but ought never to have allowed, a colourless win over France, and the dullest and least exciting draw with Scotland. Most Rugby folk held it as an article of faith that an England v. Scotland must always have an interest of its own, but we know better now.

When all is said and done, however, England gained Championship honours with five points out of a possible eight, Ireland, Wales, and France shared the second position with four points, and Scotland, champions the year before, brought up the rear with a solitary victory over Wales. English enthusiasts felt that they had not much to write home about, but what Scottish followers felt has hitherto not been revealed.

England had a moderate side, a really good pack, and a brilliant scrum-half, with the rest of the fifteen in no way outstanding, though J. S. Reeve played well once or twice on the wing. The centres were never very convincing, and though R. S. Spong worked tremendously hard and never spared himself, he did not succeed in getting his back division properly together.

With the exception of W. H. Sobey, still out of action as the result of his injury in New Zealand, and M. Robson, who has gone abroad, all last year's players are available, though it does not follow that all will again secure their caps. Several of those who went on tour are suffering from staleness, the usual state of affairs in similar circumstances, and one or two others have hardly shown International form this

season. There is still time for them to make good, however, and experienced men do not always go all out early in a long and trying season—ask Sam Tucker.

It is stated, by the way, that the redoubtable Sam has announced that this is positively his last season. We seem to have heard that before, but even Sam can't go on for ever. He got his first cap in 1922, and was one of the victims of that stupid mud-wallow at Cardiff, which bore no resemblance to Rugby save that the ball was oval. L. G. Brown and B. S. Cumberlege were both dropped as the result of a game which should have been entirely disregarded, and in the case of the latter at least it was a long time before his position was adequately filled.

Sam was dropped for three full seasons, but in 1925 he was brought back again and has never since been left out of the side except on the occasion of the game with Wales last season, when by a direct interposition of Providence at the eleventh hour he was enabled to play and was largely responsible for England's victory. It is not yet certain that he will captain England

this season, but the selectors will doubtless be very chary of leaving him out, especially against Wales.

In any case England should have a very sound pack; the chief trouble is to find a really sound pair of halves. So far no one has appeared of the same class as W. H. Sobey, and there is no very convincing stand-off. Many people think that the best one in the country is playing centre for Cambridge, L. H. Collison to wit, late of Mill Hill.

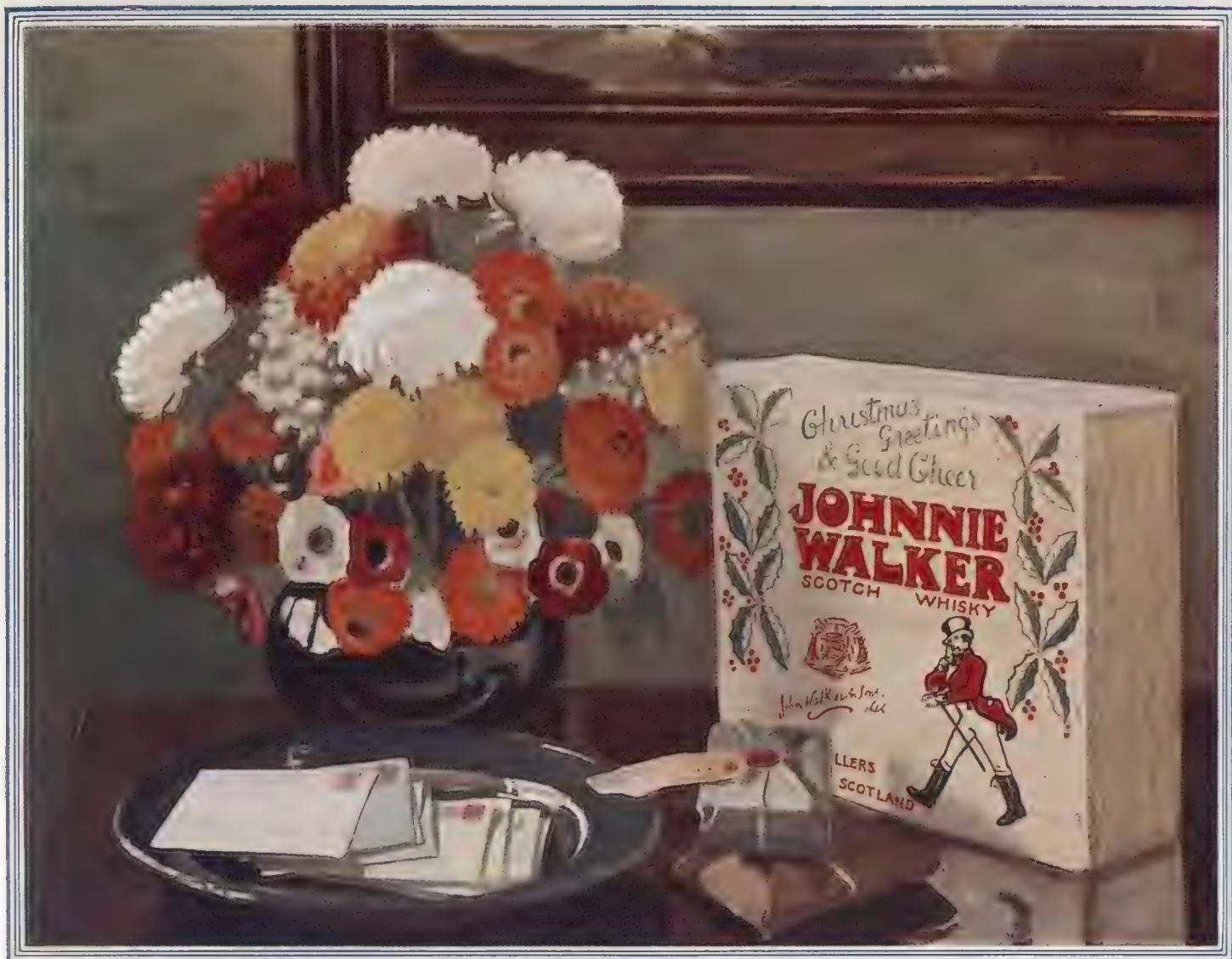
These lines are perforce being written before the 'Varsity match, which may possibly have thrown some light on the probable composition of the English three-quarter line. The crying need is for centres, men who have some notion of serving their outside men. There are several wings who would do well enough if only they were properly fed, and, contrary to the opinions of many, J. C. Gibbs should still be played if the right centre can be found. But it's a big if! As to full-backs we have no Gamlin, but there are several men who will fill the bill

(Continued on p. xxiv)



THE HARROW XV

Harrow were soundly beaten 14 to 0 by the Haileybury team seen in the top picture. Harrow, like Eton, are more or less recruits to the Rugby game. The names in the picture, left to right, are: Back row—C. B. Willers, W. M. Blair, E. J. Snowball, I. M. Carlisle, C. A. Harmsworth, C. W. Norman-Barnett, P. K. Crowther, and B. A. Hawes; seated—C. D. Laborde, D. W. Duckworth, K. Blackmore, O. C. Browning (captain), D. O. Couper, P. W. Seligman, and J. A. Readman



WHOMEVER sent this case has done his good deed for Christmas day ; done it too, with more than the average understanding. And the trouble he's saved himself ! No wrapping, no packing, the whole thing was ready for sending. He just walked into the shop and gave the address.

If a man drinks at all, he will drink whisky. Even if he doesn't, his friends will—and

you have given him something which contributes to the hospitality he can offer to the people he likes. And if someone else happens to send a case as well, it'll keep (or not, as his friends may decide).

You should give 
JOHNNIE WALKER
this Christmas

Wine Merchants and Licensed Dealers have these specially decorated Christmas Cases ready packed with two, three, six or twelve bottles in them. They do not charge for the cases.

SCIENCE DINES AT THE GUILDHALL



THE ASSOCIATION OF SCIENTIFIC AND TECHNICAL INSTITUTIONS—BY FRED MAY

The Association for the Promotion of Co-operation between Scientific and Technical Institutions within the British Empire was incorporated on September 15, 1930, and held its first banquet at the Guildhall, H.R.H. the Prince of Wales honouring the occasion by his presence. Sir Ernest Rutherford, O.M., P.R.S., was in the chair. Sir Ernest has been Cavendish Professor of Experimental Physics, and Director of the Cavendish Laboratory, Cambridge University, since 1919, and is the author of numerous very learned works on radio-activity. The toast of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales was proposed by Sir John Cadman, the Hon. Treasurer of the Empire Council of Mining and Metallurgical Institutions, and H.R.H., in his reply, proposed the toast of the Association. Sir Robert Horne and Mr. G. C. Clayton, President of the Institute of Chemistry, replied

P. King & Co.
MR. A. H. DOWNES-SHAW

To whom the success of the Bristol and Wessex Aero Club is so largely due. Mr. Downes-Shaw puts in a great deal of flying both in England and on the Continent in his Moth. The Bristol Club is one of the most progressive in the country

vast engine, some steel dragon breathing fire and smoke and soot and cinders (which would have given the early dragons a sore throat). They cannot fit in a small, light, clean, delicate-looking little machine like a modern light aeroplane with their conception of long distance high-speed journeying. If figures are produced proving that the light aeroplane is less fatigued by speed and distance than the railway train ever has been, or ever will be, they are disappointed. They actually want the smoke and soot and noise; the clanging metal and great wheels and domes and gleaming levers. Or if they are travelling by sea they want their funnels and masts and chains and anchors. They have built up a romantic background behind the ship and the train and it tends to make the aeroplane look like an impudent little upstart. They are aggrieved if entrainment fails to coincide with entertainment of the old sort, loud and large.

We have had lately two more flights which have demonstrated that the light aeroplane is genuinely stronger than the train; it is the modern athlete, the scientific fighter against the beer-swilling bruiser. The nimble light aeroplane is making rings round the railway train, and there can be not the slightest doubt as to which the victory will go. The two flights I have mentioned were made by Mrs. Victor Bruce and Commander Glen Kidston. Mrs. Bruce left England on September 25 in her Blackburn Bluebird (with the side-by-side seating) and after twenty-four days actual flying she had covered 11,000 miles and reached Japan, making on the way a 600-miles flight over the Yellow Sea. It will be recalled that she forced-landed near Jask and had a number of adventures with tribesmen which were described at length in the daily Press. Commander Kidston, with his pilot Lieutenant Cathcart-Jones, toured Europe in his Puss Moth and covered in all some 3,600 miles. I hear that the total cost, including depreciation of the air-craft, insurance, and first cost works out at less than 7d. per passenger

Two Fine Flights.

People brought up in the Victorian tradition still refuse to believe that the aeroplane is the strongest and most tireless of transport vehicles. When they contemplate travelling anything more than a thousand miles they look to some

per mile as against the 9d. of 1st class railway fare over the same routes. And it is to be remembered that Commander Kidston was not at the mercy of time-tables and shrieking porters. He visited Paris, St. Raphael, Marseilles, Cannes, Geneva, Munich, Augsburg, Vienna, Berlin, Dessau, Hamburg, and Antwerp in a total flying time of 37 hrs. 50 min., and during the whole time he was never tied to the regulations of incompetent travel organizations.

Spartan Aircraft.

There is noticeable at the present moment a distinct tendency towards the three-seater light aeroplane. And the Spartan three-seater is likely to strengthen this tendency for it provides the kind of accommodation and the robust operational qualities that people seem to want. In this machine the pilot sits behind, and the two passengers in front, either facing forward or towards each other. In most other three-seaters that are appearing the pilot sits in front, and it is difficult to guess at the moment which arrangement is likely to prevail; but it seems fairly certain that the three-seater aeroplane is going to play much the same part as the four-seater motor-car has played in being the most generally popular type. Other points to be noted about the Spartan three-seater as well as the Spartan Arrow are the low landing speed and the interchangeable wings. The symmetrical section wings have been discarded, but with the new section the interchangeability is not sacrificed, and I hear that the take-off and climb have been improved. Mr. O. E. Simmonds founded the Spartan Company largely on his interchangeable wing patents, and there are rumours that he may in the future produce a new type of aircraft which is likely to specialize in safety, and to be one of the easiest to fly that has ever been placed on the market. But these are nothing but rumours, and the Arrow and the three-seater are at present occupying most of the firm's attention.

Imperial Air College.

The suggestion made by Captain Lamplugh at the meeting of the Guild of Air Pilots and Navigators of the British Empire that a school should be formed for the training of pilots and air navigators, to be to civil aviation much what the Central Flying School and the Staff College are to Service aviation, is receiving a great deal of support both inside and outside the Air Ministry. Sir Sefton Brancker was extremely keen on the idea and, had he lived, would undoubtedly have worked hard for the establishment of such a college, and it is satisfactory that others are now ready to come forward in support of the scheme.

Captain Lamplugh, who I believe was responsible for the original idea, proposes that the school should issue degrees which would indicate the highest standard obtainable by air pilots. Captain Lamplugh also criticized the secrecy that still prevails about the work of the Accidents Investigation Branch of the Air Ministry. He said, and most people and all experienced pilots will agree with him, that it is in the interests of aviation generally, and of the public that the work of the Accidents

(Continued on p. xxiv)



IN AMERICA: THE NEW YORK-SAN FRANCISCO AIR SERVICE

The famous Colonel Charles Lindbergh, the Atlantic flier, inaugurated the new thirty-six hours' air service between New York and San Francisco in one of the new and specially stream-lined triple-motored Ford transport planes. This group was taken at Newark, New Jersey, and the names, left to right, are: Mr. H. S. Andrews (pilot), Mr. Robert S. Leroy (co-pilot), Colonel Lindbergh, who is piloting the plane, and Mr. Ted Weaver (pilot). In the background is the Ford plane



“BLUE AND GOLD TOURS”
TO
SOUTH AFRICA



The South African Railways, in association with the leading Shipping Lines on the African routes, have organised an attractive programme of sunshine tours to South Africa for the coming Winter.

Sailings from British and Continental ports will be made throughout December, 1930, and January, 1931. The steamer fares, on a liberal concessionary basis for the return voyage of 12,000 miles, are unique in travel values.

A comprehensive series of rail tours in South Africa has been arranged in conjunction with the steamship sailings, and the inclusive costs of the combined sea and land tours range, according to duration, class of accommodation, etc., from £70 to £205.

The full descriptive programme, “Blue and Gold Tours,” will be sent, post free, on request. Apply:—The Director, Publicity and Travel Bureau, South Africa House, 73, Strand, London, W.C. 2, and the leading Tourist and Travel Agencies.

PETROL VAPOUR :

By
W. G. ASTON.

New Law.

AFTER the Prime Minister of Great Britain has tartly told the Mother of Parliaments that a matter of national importance is "no concern of the House of Commons" there is no excuse for one being surprised at anything; it is just a plain tip, literally from the horse's mouth, that Bureaucracy, by Whitehall out of Incompetence, is a sure winner. And yet I confess I am rather surprised at Mr. Morrison. Hitherto he has shown himself in general to be a level-headed and sensible, if not highly imaginative, Minister of Transport. Yet surely he has dropped a heavy brick in "releasing" certain crucial clauses in his Roads Traffic Act before some of their terms have been defined. On the first of the month a new legal code came into force in which a difference is drawn between "dangerous" and "careless" driving—at all events there is a substantial distinction between the penalties with which those found guilty of them are to be visited. Yet in spite of an anxious search I can discover no authoritative statement as to what constitutes this new offence of "careless driving." We all know what it means, for the English is plain enough, and if benches of magistrates were not for the most part prejudiced numb-skulls there would be little enough to worry about. But unhappily we know that the latter is the case, and consequently it goes without saying that the interpretation of this nice point of law will not only be a "dripping roast" for the legal profession, but will, of course, involve many reasonably innocent persons in gross injustice. For I imagine it to be a foregone conclusion that those who handle the new broom will, for some time at least, make it sweep pretty clean. And really, to be frank, I think they will be justified in a great many cases. Never in my life have I seen so much downright murderous driving as during the recent patch of bad weather and wet roads. I suppose the conditions tend to make people extra irritable when they find themselves in the traffic-pack, thus inducing them to do outrageously silly things. Chiefest of these is to assume that a wet surface is as holding to the treads as a dry one, and to act accordingly. Tell me that four-wheel braked cars can't skid and I positively won't believe you. This last week I've observed some absolute beauties; if they had been intentional they could not have been more spectacular. And I'll bet I know the reason. The foolish man, or woman, finding a small tail-way starting has simply bunged the brakes on harder instead of releasing them for a moment. However, that is all beside the mark—unless the fact that a car skids can be held (as logically no doubt it should be held) to be evidence of careless driving. Meanwhile the thing by which I set much store—and Heaven forbid that my hopes are misplaced—is the mobile police force. Guided by road-sense they ought easily to be able to separate the sheep from the goats.

Still Prejudiced.

For that reason I was sorry to see a distinguished newspaper editorially demanding that the first and foremost duty of the new force is to hunt down the road-hog, and actually suggesting that the A.A. and the R.A.C. scouts are adequate to deal with traffic control in the open country. Now the undeniable truth is that there are very few really deliberate road-hogs, and there should be little difficulty in rounding these up in course of time. Most road-hoggishness is pure ignorance, and it ought to be possible to dissipate much of this in a few months by a campaign of education and warning carried out by a thousand knowledgeable men. To increase the number of prosecutions will not make the roads safer. But a great deal can be done in this direction by the official "ticking-off" of drivers who do potentially dangerous things, and severally explaining to them why they should not. Far more real notice will be paid to that treatment than to a summons and a fine—for every motorist knows that in the police court the dice are loaded against him. Hitherto there has never been anyone who could give such authoritative warnings. They are beyond the scope of the A.A. and R.A.C. men, and it is only in one case in a hundred that a stationary policeman can see what is happening. Seeing the extent to which motordom has been plundered and persecuted in the past it is not unreasonable to ask that for some time, under the new regime, the educative method should be tried in preference to the purely repressive. After all, if the former doesn't work the other can always be applied. By the way, I hope that when the mobile police get on the job they will occasionally give a hint to their fellows in the traffic-controlling department. I know that these chaps have a tiring, difficult, and patience-trying job, but now and again they get just a shade too arbitrary. There is a definite limitation to the distance in which any car can be pulled up from a given speed, and I have several times lately been commanded to do the business in something less than that distance. That was because Robert had his back to me and suddenly stuck his left arm out without troubling to see if anything happened to be coming along. Also the mobiles might well do good work in the direction of standardizing traffic signals. Sometimes these are utterly misleading, for there are, apparently, so many ways of doing one thing. Having been ferociously soaked for the alleged disobedience of a signal I am extremely vigilant upon this point, and am taking no chances. The consequence is that about once a week I go through the unpleasant process of being hauled over the coals for stopping by one who fallaciously believed that he was beckoning me to come on. Of course it is never any good quarrelling with thine adversary whilst thou art in the way with him, but there are times when I find it hard to keep silent.



THE LAST DATE—A CHRISTMAS PROBLEM

Send them a bottle of '65 BISQUIT DUBOUCHÉ

Let them take up their glasses lovingly—warm them in their hands—breathe the lingering fragrance that gradually unfolds. A living perfume of grape-flowers from the vineyards of the Charentes! Over their coffee—thinking of friendship and of you their absent friend—let them savour the ultimate harmonies of an ancient, beautiful brandy distilled in the Cognac country, perhaps before they themselves were born.



VINTAGE LIQUEUR BRANDIES

- 1884 — 30/- per bottle
- 1878 — 36/- per bottle
- 1870 — 37/6 per bottle
- 1865 — 40/- per bottle
- 1840 — 45/- per bottle

Obtainable at all leading wine merchants, stores, hotels and restaurants.



Bunker mannerisms often repay a watchful photographer. Here is Mrs. Hugh Satchell, a member of Hunstanton, whose apprehensive attitude suggests that further trouble is in store for her

HERE is an excitement. A brand new event of almost first-class importance has appeared on the horizon for 1931; a really legitimate, properly constituted championship to which nobody can take exception as superfluous, but to which, on the contrary, every right-minded golfer will hold out the hand of good fellowship. The event is to be the South Western Championship. That is something new. There is the Midlands Championship, a statuesque affair of 36-hole medal play; but can you imagine the women of the counties that sent forth Drake and Raleigh, the Cabots, not to mention King Arthur—can you imagine, I say—such people being content with anything so bloodless as medal play? There are to be 36 holes medal play certainly by way of qualifying, but that is merely a sharpening of the swords. The real business begins when sixteen people have qualified and are then able to fly at one another's throats in the best approved style of match play.

Now if the South Eastern division were to start such an event one might quite easily question its wisdom. The golfers round London are an over-worked, in a golfing sense, portion of the community. With "The Star" Tournament, with Open Meetings, with Association golf, the young players get all the experience they need, and the old all the exercise of which they are capable. But in the south west it is different, distances are considerable, connections inconvenient, Open Meetings are few and far between, Association golf does not exist. So accordingly when South Westerners find themselves in championships or county finals they are apt to feel just a little bit like gold-fish set swimming in the sea; perfectly capable of swimming, only a little bit frightened of the depth of water

EVE at GOLF : By ELEANOR E. HELME

and of the great big monsters of the deep swimming round them. This will give the young ones just the chance they need of meeting minor monsters and seeing that, after all, they really do not bite any harder than they themselves can bite back.

There are any number of good young players in the West, probably far more than the world knows at present. It was an astonishment to some when Mrs. Percy Garon went out at Aldeburgh in the English Championship to Miss Pauline Reed of Minehead, but that player had won the Somerset Championship, and is just the sort of young golfer to develop amazingly with this sort of encouragement. There is Miss Powell Williams, a Devon Championship runner-up; Cornwall may spring a whole team of dark horses upon the world, Glamorgan has a good number

transfers next year to Dorset, the county of her present residence. Then Miss Lobbett is a player of indisputable excellence, and if only her great foursome confederate, Miss D. R. Fowler, should be fit again by then there is no saying that any honour will pass to apprentice rather than experienced hands. As the first South Western Championship is not due to be played before the autumn of 1931 there is great hope that Miss Fowler may be thoroughly on her golfing feet again in good time for it.

In any case there is plenty of talent in the division, and it will be a strange thing if South Western golf does not take on quite a fresh lease of life and scale all sorts of heights hitherto looked on as impregnable. There is something about the very name Championship most amazingly educational to the young golfer. The most brazen, the most nerveless of young players finds herself shaking a little at the knees on the first tee at her first championship, an experience which is altogether salutary for her golf, but which, like measles, is got over young. It may quite possibly inspire her to play better than ever in her life before, but if it should not, then there is no cure for that knee-shaking except to do it again, and again, and again. Undoubtedly, Miss Huleatt and the South Western Committee have done a grand thing for their division. Hats off to them and good luck.

Owing to the misprinting of the word imitation for invitation, a paragraph in last week's issue in connection with Miss Enid Wilson's winter activities might suggest that she was contemplating a visit to America. This is not the case, though the imitation of Horton Smith may possibly occupy some of her spare time.



Miss Ducker of Home Park would probably indignantly deny that she ever shuts her eyes in a bunker. This, at any rate, is how the camera saw her

who have been champing their bits for some time, and may develop a rare turn of speed when they get the chance; it is high time Gloucester produced something first class again, Wilts have yet to achieve that distinction, Dorset will undoubtedly have a finger in the pie, particularly this first year when the rota, fixed by the South Western Divisional Committee, takes the event for its maiden trip into that county. People will look to that county's youngsters to do something about keeping the cup there, and it would be entirely suitable, since the cup's donor is Miss Huleatt, the present captain of Dorset.

No doubt somebody will raise an objection that these are all young golfers, why forget the older ones? Let me place hand on heart and assure them that they are not forgotten. Especially do I not overlook my own erstwhile county-woman, Mrs. Latham Hall, who



On Brioni Island : Sub-Lieutenant Vincent and Mrs. Sankey playing golf beside the blue Adriatic. Polo is also a pastime at this popular place

All for Beauty



*The subtlest gift of all
A tribute to beauty*

So long as human nature remains the same—the pleasing gift will always be the gift that flatters beauty. Here are some new and gracious secrets for the handbag and the dressing table—enshrined in gem-like cases—in gleaming glass. Powder and colour for cheeks and lips. Elegant grooming for shell-pink nails. Perfume to spray over newly-dressed curls. Give her but the least of these for Christmas—and what a glance you will awake!

Manicure Set 12/-: Single Vanity Case 6/-: Double Vanity Case 10/-: from all good Department Stores, Chemists and Hairdressers.
and lipstick 12/-: Triple Vanity Case 21/-: Write to Harriet Hubbard Ayer, Ltd., 130 Regent Street, London, W.1, for our free Booklet 'All Harriet Hubbard Ayer Jasmin Perfume in crystal bottle 27/-: Face Powder de Licee in French for Beauty' which tells you all about the Harriet glass bowl 25/-: These, and other lovely gifts Hubbard Ayer Beauty Preparations.

By the makers of LUXURIA the world's most famous Beauty Cream.

HARRIET HUBBARD AYER
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BEAUTY PREPARATIONS

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TAMARIZ

The esplanade and corner of Estoril beach

NATURE destined Estoril to be a marvel," said a Portuguese friend who met me at Lisbon, whence I drove the fifteen miles separating the capital from this most delectable spot.

It enjoys one of the most surprising and pleasant climates in Europe, thanks to its being 300 miles farther south than the popular pleasure resorts of the French and Italian Rivieras and to the sweep of the Gulf Stream past its coast, so that people bathe in the open not only in summer when the shore is thick with the best society folk from all parts of Portugal, but even in the depth of winter.

Taking the low winter average of Nice at 46 deg. F., that of Estoril is 54 deg. F., which corresponds to about the highest point the mercury reaches in the former town when our more northern latitudes are shivering in the grasp of winter.

Beautiful as Estoril is now, it will be still more beautiful when all the improvements already planned are carried out.

One of these improvements is the Palace Hotel, which was opened at the end of the summer and is replete with all these modern luxuries which the travelling public has come to regard as necessities, even though it does not enjoy them at home. Another improvement nearing completion is the new casino which will replace the present building early in the New Year.

This casino is splendidly placed, for from its terrace one gets a beautiful view of the bay as well as of the mouth of the Tagus and the country beyond. In its salons, concerts, competitions, dances, and other entertainments take place at regular intervals, while the gaming-rooms are always open for those whose inclination leads them to play.

Besides the Palace, there are several hotels which offer a characteristic hospitality to the visitor, who must be hard to please indeed if he does not find a peculiar charm in the native cuisine. Indeed, many people declare unhesitatingly that they much prefer the Portuguese to the best French cooking, and French cooking is renowned the world over.

In addition to the hotels, where the rate of exchange enables one to live at a price considerably less than at a similar establishment either in London or on the Riviera, there are many comfortable villas and chalets which those who do not like hotel life, or cannot afford it, may rent at a modest rate and keep house on modest means, for nice servants may be obtained for a quarter or even less than they would cost at home.



ENGLISH VISITORS PADDLING AT ESTORIL

Europe's Ideal Winter Resort

Where Sun Meets Sea in Ecstasy

While Estoril lays itself out to attract those who care nothing for winter sports, but who follow the sun for the pleasure they derive from its warmth and from open-air amusements like golf, tennis, and the opportunities for motoring, cycling, etc., along pleasant roads, it is no less attractive to those whose health compels them to seek a less rigorous climate than that of Great Britain during the dark months, which are overcast with gloom and damp with rain. To them may be commended the spring of medicinal waters, whose valuable properties and healing power are famous throughout Portugal for those diseases which are treated at Spas.

Besides the charms within its confines, Estoril offers wonderful views and much entertainment through a wide range of attractive country. First, there is Lisbon, where weeks may be spent in succession without exhausting the attractions of its buildings, its parks, its pictures, its churches, and its monuments.

Among the other neighbouring places Cascais claims the attention of the visitor, for it was once occupied by the Romans and probably centuries before that was inhabited by the Moors, for some of the hamlets of the borough still bear names which seem to be of Moorish origin.

To-day it lives largely by fishing, especially since the canning industry has helped its development, but it has in addition a bull-ring where the curious may still "assist" in that sport so beloved by the Spanish-speaking nations, football grounds, and a shooting range which is largely patronised by the amateurs of that sport.

Near by is one of the great natural sights of the Portuguese Sun Coast. This is the Boca do Inferno or Hell's Mouth, through which the waves of the Atlantic can be seen moving up and down in an endless rhythm when the weather is calm, but should a storm arise the sea goes roaring and rushing through the mouth, beating itself into foam on the rocks with a noise like thunder.

From Cascais a picturesque walk leads to Cintra, that "glorious Eden" of Byron, and the place "where sorrows are forgotten," to quote Garrett. The most remarkable building in this exquisite town is no doubt the Royal Palace, the favourite residence of many Portuguese kings, where on one occasion King Edward VII breakfasted.

Among these suburbs mention must be made of the village of Penede for its Cortica Convent or Convent of Santa Cruz, should certainly be seen. Founded in 1560 by Don Alvaro de Castro, it became the home of the poorest religious men in the Portuguese peninsula. Its cells are very small, and the doors are only 38 centimetres (about 15 in.) wide.

While Estoril offers so many inducements to stay within its confines or its environs, it also offers admirable opportunities for excursions to every part of Portugal and even to Spain, lands as full of romance as they are of interest and beauty.

THE TATLER will be very pleased to supply any further information regarding fares, routes, hotels, etc. Letters should be addressed to The Publisher, Inveresk House, 346, Strand, W.C.2.

F. F.



ROASTING CHESTNUTS

THE INFINITE VARIETY OF FUR



AT EVERY twist and turn fashion shows a pleasant predilection for fur; and Revillon Frères are, as ever, the source and centre of the mode. In the Revillon Collection may be seen some very striking examples of the new fur coats for evening occasions. Of important interest, too, are a few new things for travelling and the Riviera.

Revillon Frères
AUTHENTIC FURS

Paris ~~~ 180 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.1 ~~~ New York



A visit be paid to Richard Sands and Co., 187 a, Sloane Street, as there may be seen this set, consisting of beret and scarf expressed in clipped fur, as well as the necklace and decidedly original bracelets



XMAS GIFTS

"SUGGEST" by M.E.BROOKE

Christmas Gifts for Young and Old.

As Christmas Day draws nearer the purse strings of all right-minded people loosen, and the unpleasant resolutions of economy in the matter of gifts are broken. Everyone must study the Christmas Presents Numbers of THE TATLER as they will find the difficulties attendant on choosing last-minute presents reduced to a minimum. Father Christmas in his patriarchal red robes has assumed the rôle of M.C. at many of the great stores in London and other great cities. Sometimes he introduces the young folk to Charles Dickens and his characters; sometimes he presides at the North Pole, an aeroplane being in attendance to convey his visitors to and fro; they love the robot animals, and on taking leave are given such a pleasant surprise—a large parcel. It contains just what they have been wishing for. Furthermore there are living marionettes and Punch and Judy Shows, to say nothing of miniature circuses as well as the imposing one at Olympia.



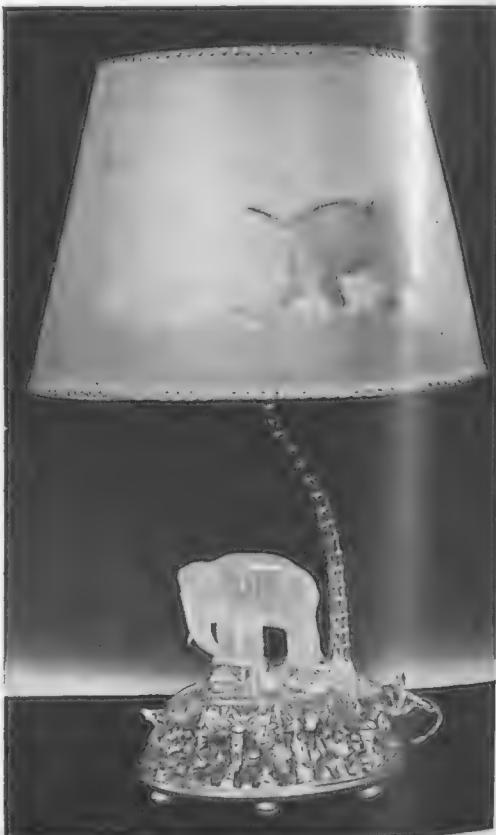
"Lotus-Flower" jewellery as it is set with marcasite, and semi-precious stones, onyx and lapis lazuli, are present in it. Then there are Lotus pearls—a necklace, bracelet, and rings are portrayed on the right



An original gift like a Cresta golf belt for half a guinea, or a skating belt. They are both made of leather in all the fashionable colours. There are receptacles for the needs of the golfer and skating enthusiast



A Red-Ashay motor or other mascot. An elephant is seen at the base of the lamp, a portrait of another appearing on the artistic shade



Pictures by Blake



This most useful mirrored travelling box contains the complete Cyclax home treatment—four different lotions, a jar of Skin Food, powder, eyeshadow, rouge, and cleansing tissues. 18/6.



"MORE PRECIOUS THAN SILVER AND GOLD . . ."

"Beauty . . . is the one perfect gift, for beauty alone can satisfy the unspoken longing of the soul . . ." So says Frances Hemming, who has shared her precious beauty secrets with many of the loveliest women in the world.

In every one of her famous Cyclax preparations lies scientific power to wake up loveliness into magical life . . .

And now for Christmas . . . for you and your friends . . . a complete Cyclax Home Treatment daintily packed in luxurious mirrored travelling cases . . . charming gift boxes filled with preparations both practical and exquisite . . . Enchanting variations of 'the one perfect gift'! See them at all the best shops or write for full details and illustrations.

CYCLAX

Cyclax Ltd.

58 SOUTH MOLTON ST., W.1
PARIS

Telephone: Mayfair 0054

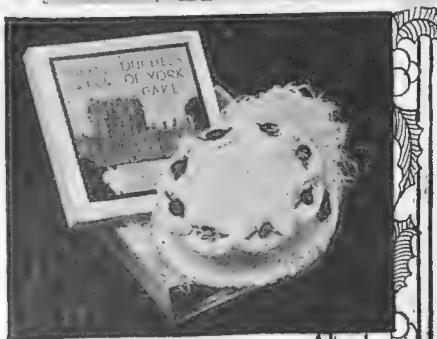
BERLIN



Three exquisite things fill this box. The Cyclax Soap, the most delicious in the world; Skin Food and Powder. 10/6.



This attractive fan-shaped box contains Cleansing Lotion, Skin Food and that wonderful powder base, Blended Lotion. 12/6.



Several bottles of Otard's Cognac brandy. It is distilled from the juice of grapes grown in the area defined by the French State Decree of 1909. Every bottle bears the words "Acquit Régional Cognac".

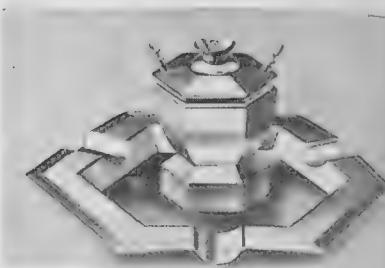
Biscuits and cakes bearing the name of W. J. Jacobs, also some of the very special water biscuits; they have the real nutty flavour. They are golden crisp or baked a rich dark brown. They are sold in $\frac{1}{2}$ -lb. packets and 2s. tins



The specialties of the House of Mackintosh. There are silver-plated caskets, "Galleon" vellum presentation boxes de luxe, and then there is the much-to-be-desired 4-lb. party tin decorated with a Father Christmas picture. Neither must the well-known assorted toffee de luxe be overlooked; it is delicious



Grant's Morella cherry brandy; it is delicious and invigorating. It is obtainable in bottles, half bottles, quarter bottles, flasks and "Baby Grants." This firm's sloe gin and ginger brandy always receive an enthusiastic welcome



Haig's whisky, as for Christmas there are the Gold Label and Dimple qualities put up in decorative cardboard containers. Furthermore there are cases containing two, three, six, and twelve bottles. They are on sale everywhere

Pictures by Blake

Mappin & Webb
Ltd

MAGNIFICENT DISPLAY OF GIFTS
at prices to suit all purses

THE Company has prepared a beautifully illustrated Catalogue of Gifts in Sterling Silver, Prince's Plate, Jewellery, Watches, Clocks, Fancy and fine Leather Goods. A copy will be sent upon request.



26079.
Prince's Plate Hors d'Œuvre
Stand and Servers. 4 Glasses.
£4 7 6



B 5147.
English Cut Glass Spirit
Decanter, with Sterling
Silver Mount. 14 in. high.
£1 15 0

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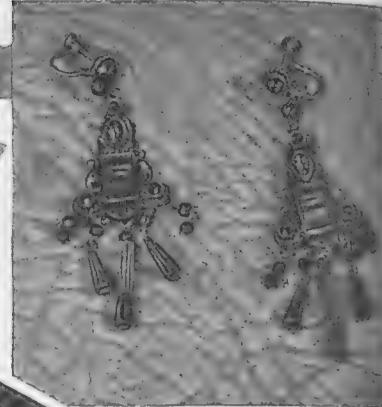


A black velvet evening coat from Dickins & Jones, Regent Street, W. The chef d'œuvre pictured is enriched with white fur and is as decorative as it is useful

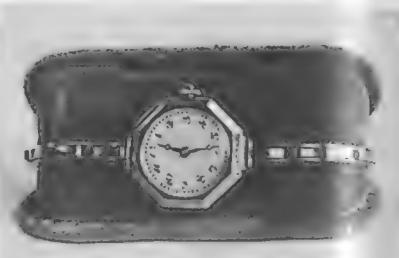


Something in Community Plate; there is the fruit salad server-set in the new Deauville design, in leatherette case, for 22s. 6d.

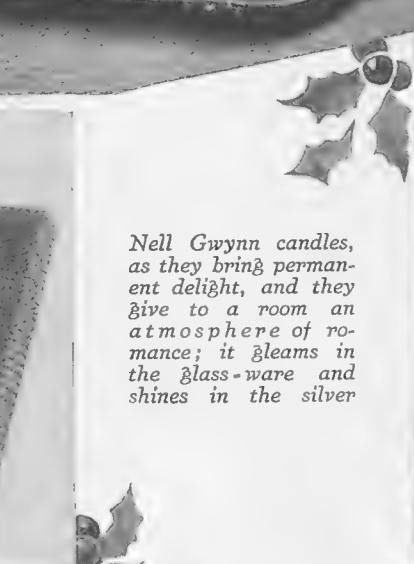
"I SUGGEST
"ORIGINAL GIFTS"



Wonder jewels from the Burma Gem Co., 121a, Regent Street. Pictured are a pair of ear-rings, a brooch, and a clip-on ornament. Only an expert could tell that they are the product of science



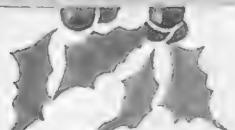
A Britannic expanding watch bracelet. The bracelets are fully guaranteed for five years, during which time they will be kept in perfect working order free of charge



Nell Gwynn candles, as they bring permanent delight, and they give to a room an atmosphere of romance; it gleams in the glass-ware and shines in the silver



Price's Venetian candles, as they are graceful and tapering, and are available in colours to match the china on the dinner and tea table, and of sizes there is an infinite variety



LES PARFUMS

COTY

THE SMARTEST PERFUMES
IN THE WORLD ARE NOT
NECESSARILY COSTLY

Luxuries of yesterday — but necessities of to-day — LES PARFUMS COTY are the choice of the discriminating modern woman. There is a Coty fragrance for every occasion and for every gown, so that one's mood of the moment may be subtly allied with its own fragrance, creating perfect harmony of atmosphere. All these interesting details are explained in "THE COTY WAY TO GREATER CHARM," a book which is sent free on application.

Coty



The same oval flacon design, with carved stopper, in dainty $\frac{1}{4}$ -oz. bottles for carrying in the hand-bag, at 3/- is re-created in larger sizes from 6/-, 10/- to 16 guineas.



'PARIS'
"Fragrance of Gaiety."
Cut crystal flacon in silk
tasselled box.

18/6

Larger model in satin
lined suede case.

47/6

Quarter ounce, flacon in
'platinum-tone', Perfume
Container, gilt inside 6/9
Richly gilt, both
inside and out. 7/6

Obtainable at the Smartest Shops

L'AIMANT
"Perfume of Magnetism"
Cut crystal flacon in
presentation box.
15/6
Larger model
32/6

"I SUGGEST— "USEFUL GIFTS"



A Conway Stewart writing set, as it is entirely British made. The one pictured consists of a mounted Dandy pen, No. 2, a Duro-Point pencil, and a Sheffield-made penknife in colours to match. It is 15s.; it is sold practically everywhere

A K.B. Transportable, as in it Kolster-Brandes' have produced a set which is as near as possible fool-proof. It has the aerial, loud-speaker, and all other units completely housed inside a very attractive bureau type cabinet. It can be had in oak, walnut, or mahogany



That when filling up at a B.P. pump ask them to give you a new can beautifully finished in black and silver enamel in return for your old can. It is a delightful Christmas souvenir

A famous Minty chair; it is made in five lengths of seats to suit persons of different heights. The London showrooms are at 123, Victoria Street. The cost of one of these perfectly delightful chairs is from 37s. 6d.



A portable Remington typewriter, as it is light in weight, and is provided with all the newest gadgets which give pleasure to the user. Full particulars regarding its manifold advantages may be obtained from 100, Gracechurch Street, E.C.

A "Fyrays" heater, as it gives all the effect of a glowing coal fire. It is fitted with a 300-c.p. burner of the Perfection type, and stands 22 in. high. It is sold by ironmongers, and is sponsored by the British Petroleum Company, Britannic House, Moorgate Street, London



ASPREY

Bond St. Estd 1781 London



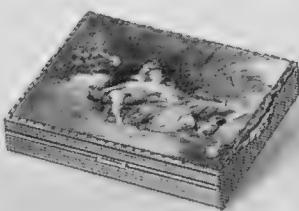
Mexican Onyx Calendar,
Silver-gilt Mounts.
Inlaid Lapis.
1.5.0
Inlaid Malachite.
1.10.0



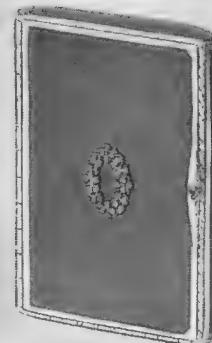
Enamelled Powder Box,
Marcassite ornament.
1.3.6



Oval Silver Inkstand.
Size of Base, 4½ in. 1.7.6
" " 5 in. 1.12.6



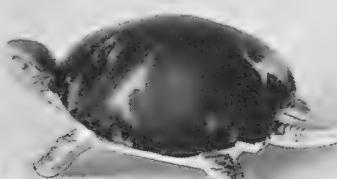
Enamelled Vanity Case, with
Powder and Lipstick
Compartments. 5.0.0



Enamelled Cigarette Case.
Marcassite ornament.
4.10.0



Silver and Tortoiseshell
Casket.
16.6



Tortoiseshell Table Bell.
2.12.6



Silver Cigarette Box.
4.17.6



Lady's Race Companion, very
completely fitted.

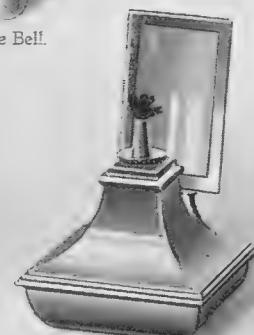
Seal. Pigskin. Crocodile.
7.12.6 7.12.6 9.10.0



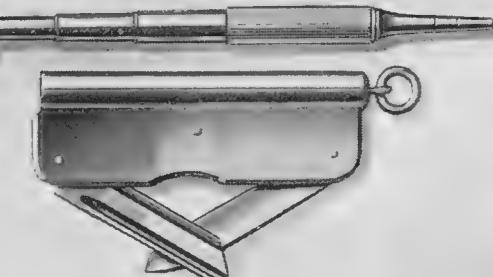
Regd. design.
Silver-plated "Parrot"
Nutcracker. 25/-



Regd. design.
Silver-plated "Monkey"
Nutcracker. 27/6



Silver Cigar Lamp, with
Mirror for perfect lighting.
2.15.0



Combined Knife, Key and Pencil.
Plain. Engine-turned.
Silver 3.10.0 3.15.0
9 ct. Gold 8.5.0 8.10.0
18 ct. 16.5.0 16.10.0



Silver Cigarette Box.
Size, 4 x 3½ in.
Engine-turned Lid 1.14.6
Plain Lid - - - 1.10.0



Poker Chip Box, with Lift-out Tray.
Pigskin. Crocodile.
6.17.6 9.7.6



16 in. Fitted Attaché Case.
Hide. Pigskin. Crocodile.
5.17.6 7.8.6 10.8.6

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE.



Pigskin Bridge Box, with Ash Trays
and Table Brush.
7.10.0

XMAS GIFTS FOR WINTER SPORTS

"I Suggest—"



A ski-ing outfit from
Burberrys in the
Haymarket; or
this practical
guide cap of
proofed
 gabardine



Ski-boots and
binding fitted
with the Am-
stutz spring, and
of course
they must
come from
Lillywhite's,
Criterion Build-
ings, Piccadilly,
London



That the skating enthusiast
will welcome these boots in
conjunction with the fancy
knitted mittens at the
Army and Navy Stores,
Victoria Street, S.W.



A visit to Selfridge's, Oxford Street, W., as there will be seen everything necessary for a winter sports outfit. The section is in charge of an expert who has spent many winters in Alpine and other resorts. Pictured above is a bag lined with cretonne for carrying skates, gloves, and natural leather ankle-guards with fancy laces

BLAKE

Pictures by Blake



**FLEUR
BIENAIMÉE
PARFUM
NOUVEAU**

HOUBIGANT
PARIS

PERFUME 17/-
POWDER 2/-

No-Fume Ash-Receiver.

Such a useful gift is a No-Fume ash receiver; it finds pictorial expression on this page, and is sold practically everywhere. Among its manifold advantages are that no cigarette can



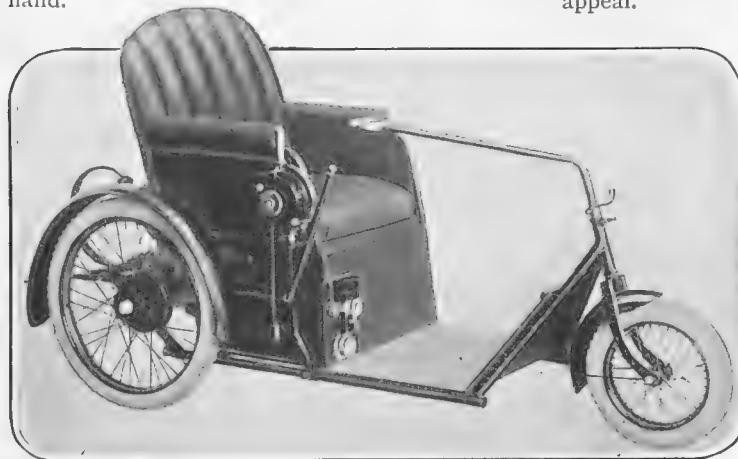
THE NO-FUME ASH RECEIVER

live in it; no smoke or smell issues forth; no ash to blow about; no burnt or dirty fingers through putting out the smouldering end; no cleaning required, as any exposed metal part is untarnishable; to empty the No-Fume give the top a slight turn and pull it off. By the way, it is fire-proof and made in England. It is sold practically everywhere, and there are special demonstrations at Harrod's during December. Beehive models are from 2s. 6d., and hexagonal from 4s. 6d. Furthermore there are floor stands with very useful match-holder pipe-rack fitment.

* * *

Electric Bath-chair.

Carter's (125, Great Portland Street) electric bath-chair has proved an unqualified success ever since it was placed on the market. It is capable of travelling slightly faster than a chair drawn by hand and for a much greater distance; in brief it is an ideal conveyance for invalids, who naturally do not require any greater aid. Further details of the same may be obtained from the illustrated catalogue sent gratis and post free. Attention must be drawn to this firm's literary machine, as it is fitted with a writing-desk and can be extended over an easy-chair, bed, or sofa, and adjusted to any height or angle, or used flat as a table. Furthermore it enables a person to read, write, or draw without the slightest fatigue. Draft and copy being brought within uniform range of sight, the fatigue of incessant movement of the head and body is avoided, allowing the mind and attention to be completely concentrated on the work in hand.

AN ELECTRICALLY PROPELLED BATH CHAIR
Designed and carried out by Carter's of Great Portland Street

BARKER AND DOBSON'S CHOCOLATES

"Say It In Chocolates."

Surely there is no more satisfactory way of conveying Christmas and New Year greetings than by sending a box of Barker and Dobson's perfectly delicious chocolates, they are as great favourites with the younger as the older generation. The Surprise Box illustrated is a novelty consisting of five trays, each containing a different assortment of chocolates. The trays are daintily tied together with ribbon. This

box (1 lb.)
costs 5s.

Golden
Casket
richly tied
with cords
and tassels.
This
casket
contains 2 lb.
assorted
chocolates
and sells
at 10s. It
is a novel-
ty. The
Belmont
Box is not
new, but is
as popular
as ever as
a Christ-
mas gift.

* * *
Scotch Whisky.

The universal popularity of Scotch whisky at this season makes Ambassador particularly attractive as a gift. The connoisseur can sip it as a liqueur, while the regular consumer will instantly appreciate in the same a whisky mellowed by age and of outstanding flavour and bouquet. A safe gift to give any friend in view of its usefulness and the wideness of its appeal.

* * *

A Home Talkie.

Surely one of the greatest advances of the year is the introduction of a home talkie which has followed the home cinematograph for indoor winter amusement. The Project-o-phone (as it is called) outfit comprises the projector, which takes the small and popular Kodak-size film and is used in

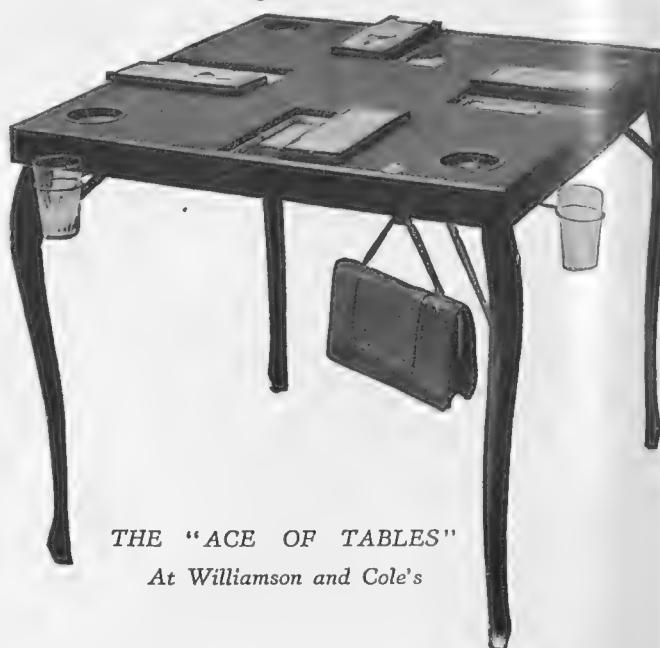
conjunction with a loud-speaker and special series of films, and records of Felix, songs, dialogues, and a hundred and one subjects available in their appropriate pairs. The instrument may be seen at Wallace Heaton's of 119, New Bond Street, W., and can be used by simply plugging into the electric-light socket and throws a picture on a screen about 40 in. wide, while the loud-speaker stands below the screen and gives perfectly synchronized voices and music fitting in exactly with the pictures being shown. The total cost of the outfit fitted up to suit one's electric light is £235, the records and films being extra.

* * *
Christmas Entertaining.

Every hostess will welcome this interesting booklet, "Why We Should Drink Wine," issued by Messrs. Hedges and Butler the renowned wine merchants. It contains such a lot of useful information on the selection of wines and their proper uses. It will be sent gratis on application to their Head Office, 153, Regent Street, London, W.1.

* * *
The "Ace" of Tables.

A fifth ace has found its way into the game of bridge and brought with it a new charm for bridge players. And when you have experienced the delight of playing bridge on the "Jay" de luxe table you will readily understand why it is so aptly described as the "Ace of Tables." The "Jay" de luxe bridge table is built first and foremost for connoisseurs of the game. It embodies not only those essential features which make a good bridge table what it is, but many accessories, from scoring blocks — concealed beneath the baize and easily accessible by merely lifting a flap — to tumbler holders and clips for ladies' handbags. The standard models range in price from 69s. 6d. to 99s. 6d.; further details regarding the same may be obtained from Williamson and Cole, High Street, Clapham, S.W. Surely there could be no more welcome Yuletide gift.



THE "ACE OF TABLES"

At Williamson and Cole's

WHY WE SHOULD DRINK WINE



THE COVER OF HEDGES AND BUTLER'S CHRISTMAS WINE BOOK



AMBASSADOR WHISKY

AS EASY TO SEND AS A POSTCARD



How De Reszke Cigarettes
are packed for Christmas



It's always safe to send De Reszke Virginias for Christmas. They are a compliment to the good taste of the receiver. And it's as simple to send them as it's safe. These choice cigarettes are on sale everywhere in elegant white-and-green-and-gold tins, packed and sealed in stout cardboard containers ready for the post. All you have to do is to fill in the name and address on the spaces provided and drop the packet in the letter-box. As easy as sending a postcard !



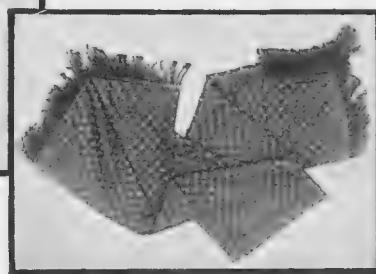
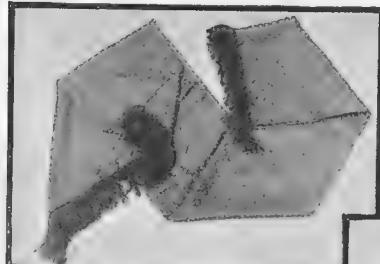
*In tins packed ready for the post : 50 for 2/6, 100 for 5/-.
In elegant white-and-green-and-gold Card Cabinets (as illustrated) with padded lids (greetings card enclosed) 200 for 10/-. Also in special Decorated Tins 150 for 7/6.*

DE RESZKE
Virginias
'Ivory'-tipped or Plain

For the Man About Town

For "Mere" Man.

It is strange, nevertheless an accepted fact, that no matter how cleverly a woman's brain may function, generally when it comes to choosing a gift for a man about town it refuses to act. It is for this reason that she must visit Gieves, the men's outfitters, of 21, Old Bond Street, and 31, Burlington Arcade. A few practical suggestions find pictorial expression on this page. As will be seen there is something to suit all purses. The gloves in the centre are reinforced with mittens, and they are as practical as they are warm; the other gloves are enriched with fur. There is an infinite variety of ties and mufflers, a feature being made of the latter with handkerchiefs to match. Umbrellas occupy a very prominent position at this



The suggestions for gifts at Gieves for "men about town" are as varied as they are appropriate. There is something to suit all purses and tastes

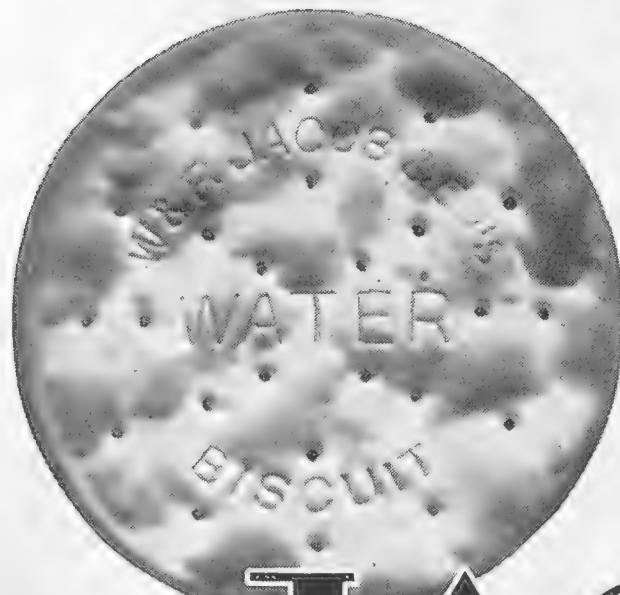
establishment, a trio of which are illustrated. It would be well-nigh impossible to encounter a more varied assortment of dressing-gowns; they are admirably tailored. In this connection attention must be drawn to the pyjamas, as they too are tailored. Special attention has been devoted to designing shirts and collars, while for hose this firm are unrivalled.



Pictures by Blake

The only Water Biscuit with the True Nutty Flavour.

Just crisped to pale gold—or baked nut-brown; whichever you prefer, the flavour's the same; the flavour that blends so perfectly with cheese and butter. Your own grocer stocks them—loose; in $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. packets; or in decorative 2/- tins.



W. & R. JACOB & CO., LTD.

Makers of the Original and Best Cream Crackers, also Marie, Digestive, Embassy Assorted, Chocolate Biscuits and over 300 other excellent varieties.

JACOB'S Water biscuits

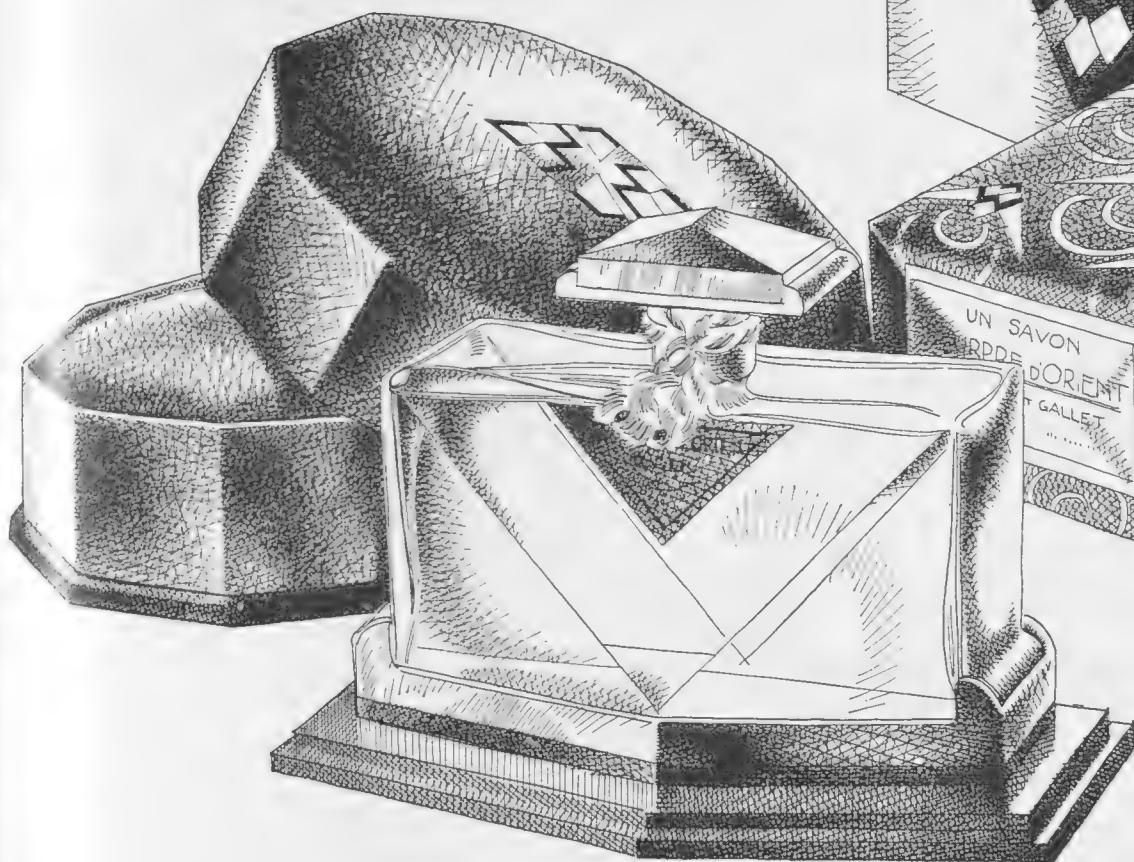
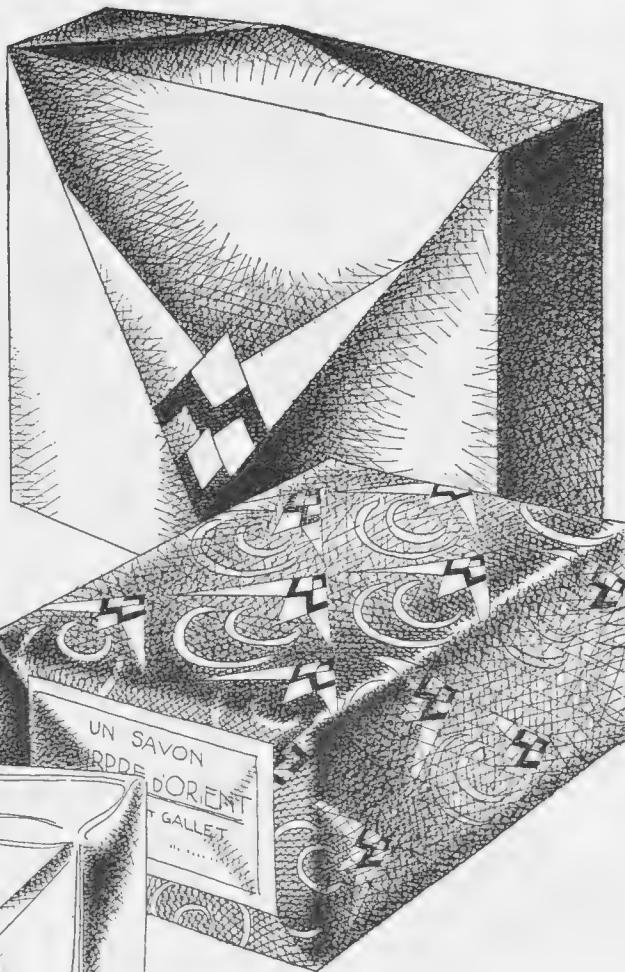


F.S. 600c
Service Advertising

POURPRE d'ORIENT

CRIMSON OF THE ORIENT

Pourpre d'Orient . . . jewel among perfumes. Flashing facets of flower fragrance . . . dreaming depths of Oriental allure. Precious as a jewel is precious. . . blended from moon-washed Eastern blossoms . . . lovely as a half forgotten dream.



ROGER & GALLET
PARIS

royds

Composing a Fashionable Necklace

Individuality Plays Another Role.

A cure for boredom that is not nearly as well known as it should be is composing a necklace. It may be achieved at Darnley's Establishment, 18, Princes Street, Cavendish Square, or at home with the aid of this firm's brochures; they give the cost of individual beads, the colours, and the sizes. Should the shades desired be unusual, then patterns of the dress or accessories must be sent with the order for the beads. Imagine the wide scope there is for the expression of individuality. The work entailed in creating a necklace may be likened to that which goes to the making of a jigsaw puzzle. Emphasis must be laid on the fact that it is the quality of the beads which tells when the ornament is completed. Here they are available at all prices and sizes. The largest is about 30 millimetres.

* * *

Assembling the Necklace.

It is well to decide on a colour scheme first of all, naturally it may subsequently be altered or modified, and to arrange the beads in a design. This may occupy a few minutes or it may



A study in green and white relieved with diamanté



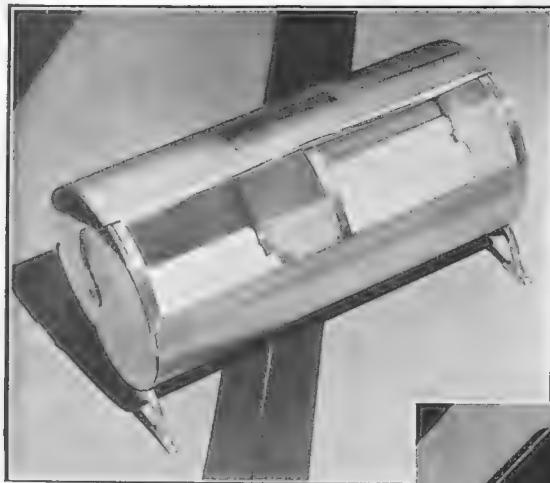
A study in black and white

Pictures by Blake

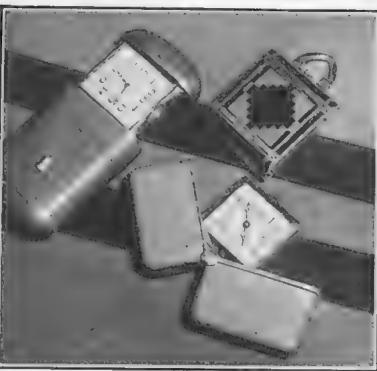
take an hour or more. The beads should be laid on a piece of white blotting paper. No attempt must be made to string them until the design is perfect, special wire or mercerized cotton must be used for this purpose in conjunction with a beading needle, of these accessories Darnley's have a splendid assortment. There are experts there who are always pleased to help customers in every way.



Composing a necklace in which wheatear and plain beads are present

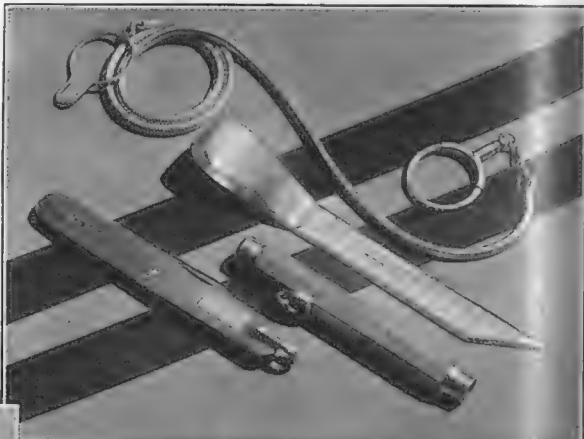


Above is a handy cigarette box, £9. Below a charming little watch in a leather case, £6 15s. 0d. A folding Rolex watch, £12, and a small leather case eight-day watch that opens half way, £11



PRESENTS

On the right is a silver snake cable key chain, £1 1s. 0d. A neat silver paper clip and letter opener 8/6. A silver pencil £1 5s. 0d. All these will make charming presents and are not expensive



On the left we show you a lovely crested cigarette case in black lacquer that slips easily into the pocket, £7, and a crested vanity case in black lacquer, 12gns. Then there is a white lacquer crested vanity case, £5 10s. 0. These lacquer cases are quite out of the ordinary. The gold, engine-turned cigarette case is a splendid piece of the goldsmiths work, £28. But these are only a few of the new ideas for jolly presents you see in this department



The Gift Department

Fortnum and Mason

One Hundred and Eighty-two Piccadilly

Truth too naked intrigues no man. In Kayser stockings she has all the charm of flattery

• JEAN COCTEAU



Flawless silk — slim-fitting from knee to instep — 'slipper heel'* that gives ankles tapering grace. Amazing sturdiness that survives washing

after washing — you can buy Kayser stockings in all new shades at all good shops from 6/11 a pair.

KAYSER

*Registered Trade Mark: made in U.S.A. Wholesale Distributors: C. J. DAVIS, 3 Prince's Street, Cavendish Sq., London, W.1.

Pictures in the Fire—continued from p. 496

bird some honey, as frequently the "animal" to which they will lead you is a snake. I have heard of people having some unpleasantness with bears when they have been collecting wild honey, and also with the manufacturers of the honey—the wild bees—but the honey-bird and his little ways are quite a bit of news.

* * * * *

People who play the polo game—now an almost forgotten thing as everyone is so busy fox-hunting—may be entertained by some extracts from an Anglo-French magazine called "Club," written by someone whose enthusiasm cannot be doubted. He says that he feels that anyone who writes about polo ought to do so with "a gold pen on a choice vellum paper" and that polo players' "sacerdotal uniform is the same under any climate in Paris, in Bombay, or in Washington," only one of which centres, incidentally, is of any account where polo is concerned. He goes on to speak ecstatically of "the helm of the sixteenth-century knights" and "the colours, the most sacred colours, colours of the club." All this is very up-lifting, and we should accord it our admiration! Then our expert breaks loose like this:

Clever horse riding has always been considered among certain people as one of the most eminent physical qualities. A gentleman from his birth sits on the saddle. One can't imagine without peeing him to the bones, that he does not ride correctly. Progress and mechanics didn't change anything to this feeling, which remains the same now as it was at the time when Madame Gyp used to write

"Les gens Chic," her looking-glass pointed on the Allée des Poteaux. Now to play polo, one can't dispense with horse-riding in a style, in a steadiness, in a mastery which ranks one at once among gentlemen, a very agreeable result for those who can lay claim to the title only through their money or their goodwill. From that comes this instinctive attraction of the helmet and of the mallets which feel most of the men whose pecuniary capacities come to the level when they may enjoy this luxurious sport. But, what tremendous work it requires if one has not started when a child! The player has not only to be ready for the most uncredible vaults, the most unexpected hand-changings, gallops, and stoppings, but he must, too, make a Whole with his horse so that the natural reactions of the animal find him always in the most suitable position. For the horse plays, too; he plays as the player, is interested in the match, understands it, so to speak, and if he wins it, one would like to see him share the praises usually bestowed on the horseman.

I agree heartily with most of this and have only one reservation to make, namely, that what is called "clever horse riding" is not always in favour—especially with stewards of race-meetings. However, let this pass, for our author, as I say, means thoroughly well. As usual in the affairs of our human existence the sting is in the tail. This picturesque penman concludes:

N.B.—Players are urgently requested to hit the ball rather than the umpire, as it happens often when the latter, in the course of a brisk *mélée*, falls down of his horse.

I feel sure that a rule embodying this is long overdue if only to preserve the life of our well-beloved "Vernon." We are getting plenty of instruction these days upon the subject of horse-back riding—how to sit at the jumps—forward, backward, sliding and other seats, etc.



THE OXFORD TRIALS CREWS AND THEIR COACHES

The second stage of the training for the Varsity Boat Race has now commenced, the trials being over and the coaching is in the hands of Dr. G. C. Bourne (New).

The choice of a stroke for the Varsity boat has fallen on C. de C. Mellor

In the group of the "A" and "B" crews the names are: Standing—C. de C. Mellor (stroke), J. M. Freeman, W. D. C. Erskine-Crum, C. A. Chadwyck, K. Healey, P. A. Tinne, G. A. Ellison, M. Milner Watson (stroke), M. G. Powell, R. W. Holdsworth; sitting—R. A. J. Poole, W. L. Garstang, R. H. Dutton, L. Clive (coach), D. E. Tinne (President Boat Club), A. M. Emmet, J. F. G. Platts Mills, G. M. Smith; in front—J. L. Lutwyche (cox), and T. E. Prichard (cox). The Cambridge crews are on a later half page

This

is the Safety Vacuum Top to—

the "Star" Whisky, and this—

Caps the lot!

THE PERFECT WHISKY IS NOW IN THE PERFECT BOTTLE

Crawford's LIQUEUR SCOTCH WHISKY

THREE STAR
"SPECIAL RESERVE"

FIVE STAR
OLD LIQUEUR
for very special occasions

A. & A. CRAWFORD — LEITH, SCOTLAND.
London Office:—24-26, Monument Street, E.C.3.



For
Discriminating Smokers

555 VIRGINIA

STATE EXPRESS
CIGARETTES

TURKISH 444

Ladies' Kennel Association Notes

The "Kennel Gazette" for November contains much of interest. There is a preliminary list of the judges appointed for the Kennel Clubs Show on October 7 and 8, 1931. There are fewer of our sex judging than usual, but among those officiating are the Hon. Mrs. McDonnell, Dandies; Mrs. Demaine, Griffons; and Mrs. Power, Pugs. An item of great interest is that Schnauzers are now placed on the breed list, and challenge certificates will be offered for them at four Championship Shows in 1931.

* * * *

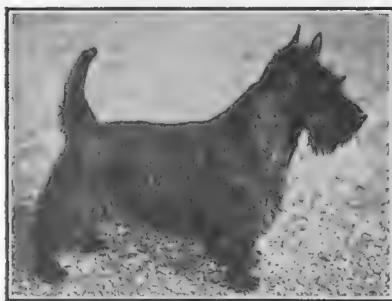
Another breed which has "come with a rush" is the Dandie Dinmont, and no one will grudge this attractive dog his prosperity. The Southern Dandie Dinmont Clubs' Show was a large success. There were 146 Dandies benched, and the quality throughout was excellent. Entries at all shows are increasing, and best of all, Dandies are seen about in increasing numbers. The judge's "critique" of the breed at the K.C. Show should rejoice all Dandie owners. Mrs. Carlyle sends an entrancing photograph of some of her Dandie pups, and some interesting notes. She started her kennel in 1927, but as she finds it rather difficult to get to many shows from Sherborne her chief object is to breed strong, healthy pups, though she does very well when she does show. All her dogs are house-trained, and used to children and travelling. She now has two young dogs for sale, both house-trained and over distemper, very good tempered and intelligent. She also has some young pups for sale.

* * * *

Mrs. Bosanquet has had to give up her greyhounds; she still has three young dogs left, whose photograph she sends. These are just a year old, beautifully bred, both for track and coursing, and registered. As she must part with them, any reasonable offer will be considered.

* * * *

Mrs. Madden is one of those who are true to the ever popular Scottish terrier. She has an extremely



FACTOR OF CORSE
The property of Mrs. Madden



MRS. BOSANQUET'S YOUNG GREYHOUNDS

successful, select kennel, and sends a picture of her stud dog, Factor of Corse. Mrs. Madden writes: "The little gentleman is again the proud father of five small sons. These will be just ready to pop into some lucky folk's stocking at Christmas-time. Last year's family are all out in the world and doing extremely well." Mrs. Madden will be delighted to send full particulars to any inquirers.

* * * *

Miss Desborough is at last completely settled in her new home. She has, in addition to an ordinary boarding kennel, a quarantine kennel, where she can take in dogs after shows. These kennels are quite isolated; she will take dogs down direct from shows.

Mrs. Webster is now settled in London and will undertake any supervision of dogs in their owner's houses. She will exercise daily, groom, also meet at the station and convey across London. She will also keep dogs for one or two days if required. This scheme certainly seems to "supply a long-felt want." Many people dislike leaving their canine friend behind when they come to London, but cannot bring him on account of the difficulty of exercising a dog if you yourself are busy. Also there are those who live permanently in London to whom it would be a relief to know that the dog's exercise was certain. We all at times send dogs to London, and it would be a help to have them properly met and looked after. Mrs. Webster has a kennel maid's certificate and knows what she is doing. She can be heard of at any time at our office.

* * *
All letters to
MISS
BRUCE,
Nuthooks,
Cadnam,
Southampton.



DANDIE PUPS
The property of Mrs. Carlyle

TIFFANY & Co.
44 NEW BOND STREET
LONDON, W.1

WATCHES & WRIST WATCHES

FIFTH AVENUE & 37TH STREET
NEW YORK

25 RUE DE LA PAIX
PARIS

Not a drop is sold till it's seven years old



"Is it time?"

"Not yet"



"Is it time?"

"Not yet"



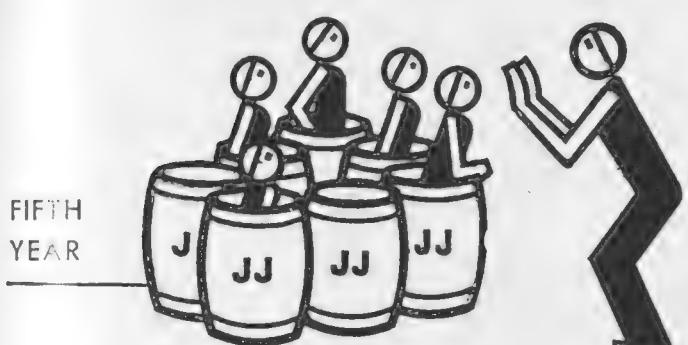
"Law says we can come out now if we like."

"Not yet"



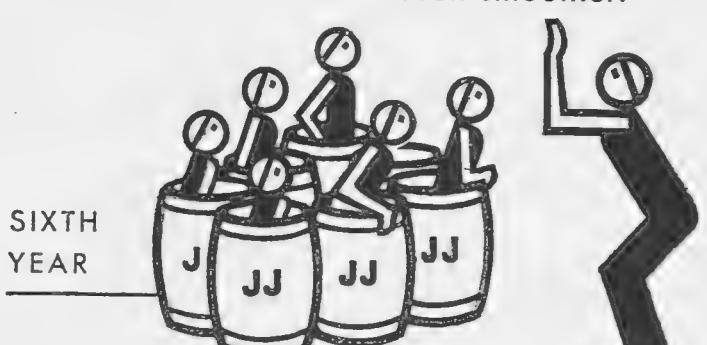
"Is it time?"

"Not yet, you must be even smoother."



"Is it time?"

"Not yet, you must be even softer."



"Can we come out now?"

"No, not for at least another year"



SEVENTH
YEAR

"Off you go, boys. You're mature, perfect, irresistible.
And the world is waiting for you."



John Jameson ★★★ whiskey

Distilled several times over—from home-grown cereals only. Matured over seven years—in selected casks. Bottled pure—unblended with any other spirit. Made—regardless of time and expense—from a recipe discovered 150 years ago.

THE J.J. YOU BUY TO-DAY WAS DISTILLED BEFORE 1923

WEDDINGS AND

Marrying in N.Z.

On December 20, Mr. Dennis Blackwood Mansergh, who is the younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Walter L. Mansergh of Walcot, Wentworth, Surrey, and Miss Edna Lila Joynt, the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Joynt of Auckland, New Zealand, are being married in Auckland.

* * *

New Year Weddings.

Mr. Geoffrey Reeves Wills is marrying Miss Winifred (Peter) Hutson, early in January; another wedding fixed to take place early that month is that between Mr. H. Barrington Jellett and Miss Iris Kathleen Crozier; and Mr. Howard S. Savill of North Sydmonton House, Newbury, and Miss Dorothy Russell.

Earnshaw have also fixed January for their marriage.

* * *

Recent Engagements.

Lieut.-Colonel William Dudley Coles of Oak End, Tunbridge Wells, and Miss Marjorie Gladys Hyde, the third daughter of the late Mr. Matthew Hyde and Mrs. Hyde of Nevill Park, Tunbridge Wells; Mr. Charles Arthur Street, the South Staffordshire Regiment, younger son of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Arthur Street of East Portlemouth, Salcombe, Devon, and Miss Dorothy Hilda Britton, the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Britton of Salcombe, Devon, and Taihape, New Zealand; Lieut. -Commander Albert Lawrence Poland, D.S.C., Royal Navy, and Miss Leila Helen Beatrice Sly, the daughter of Mrs. H. Stevens Sly of 12, Nightingale Road, Southsea; Mr. Leslie Sinclair Lewis,

CAPT. GEOFFREY BABINGTON LADY ANNE EGERTON

Whose engagement was announced recently. Captain Geoffrey Babington, who is in the 16th Lancers, is the only son of Lieut.-General Sir James and Lady Babington of Pinnacle Hill, Kelso, and Lady Anne Egerton is the eldest daughter of the Earl and Countess of Ellesmere.

* * *



MISS EVELYN GRAHAME

The daughter of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. George Grahame, whose marriage to Mr. J. A. Gott takes place on December 13 at St. Balfred's Church, North Berwick. She is a niece of Lady Blythswood and Lady Leighton

* * *

The Beacon Cottage, Dormansland, Lingfield, Surrey, and Miss Mary Joan Berenice Hutcheson, the elder daughter of Dr. T. Brown Hutcheson and Mrs. Hutcheson of High Path, Midhurst, Sussex; Captain Edward O'Kelly, R.A.V.C., and Miss Marjorie Cuthbert Moy, daughter of Mr. C. T. and Mrs. Moy of Stanway Hall, Colchester.

* * *

In India this Month.

At the end of this month, Mr. Frederick A. Drummond Hall, the elder and only surviving son of Mr. and Mrs. W. Hall of Platt, Kent, and Miss Gertrude Mennig, the second daughter of Mr. and the late Mr. C. W. Henry Mennig of North Finchley, are being married in Delhi.

* * *

Edmund Harrington

MISS DIANA GOUGH

Whose marriage to Mr. John Pym is to take place on December 17. She is the daughter of the late Brigadier-General John Gough, V.C., who was the late Lord Haig's Chief of Staff in France.

* * *

"Lezarine"

"Niella"

"LEZARINE"—Brown Lizard and Glace Kid Oxford shoe. Also in Black Lizard and Glace, 52/6.

"NIELLA"—Brown Glace Kid Oxford, trimmed Brown Lizard. Also in Black Calf-Kid, trimmed Lizard - 55/-

THE LONDON SHOE COMPANY, Ltd.,
116 & 117 New Bond Street, W.1, 21 & 22 Sloane Street, W.1, 260-264 Regent Street, W.1.

*Delightful Christmas Gifts
Acceptable and Lasting*

Conway Stewart

*Pens and Writing Sets
Not only British - but Best*

No. 90 Set. Mounted "Conway Stewart" Pen. Price 21/-
No. 2 "Conway" Pencil and Sheffield-made Penknife. In colours to match.
Other Sets from 7/6 to 25/-

Stocked by all leading
Stationers & Stores

Write for Coloured Christmas Folder,
Post Free, from the Manufacturers:

10/6 to 35/-

Conway Stewart

& Co., Ltd.
75-82, Shoe Lane, London, E.C.4

The "DURO." An oversize
Pen. Made in
three sizes.

No. 1
Price
21/-

No. 2
Price
15/-

No. 8
Price
12/6

Troyds

xxii

YARDLEY LAVENDER



In all the world
you will find no other gift
more sure of appreciation.

Alike for gay youth and gracious
age, the clean fresh fragrance of
the lovable Yardley Lavender
is exquisite and has been
cherished for generations

This Christmas Give Lavender,
the Lovable Fragrance.

*Sprinkler Top Bottles from 2/6 to 16/6
Fancy Stoppered Bottles from 6/9 to 70/-
GIFT CASES in great variety
from 2/6 to 18/9*

Best Loved
of
Christmas Gifts



YARDLEY

8 NEW BOND STREET

LONDON

RUGBY RAMBLINGS—continued from p. 500

well enough if they are at the top of the form. Everyone, by the way, was sorry to hear of the serious illness of T. Brown, the Bristol International, and all hope that he will make a speedy recovery. He has been an unlucky player, and it was largely on account of injury that he lost his place in the England side last season. He had been showing splendid form for Bristol in recent games.

Birkenhead Park ought always to be heartily welcomed in London after the brilliant victory they gained over the London Scottish the other day at Richmond. During the last twenty minutes they played the most determined and attractive football seen in London this season, and they richly deserved to win though it was only a splendid try in the corner by G. S. Wilson in the last minute that pulled the match out of the fire. The success must have been all the more welcome because a thoroughly bad decision a minute or two earlier had apparently robbed them of victory.

G. S. Wilson had been fairly quiet during the first half of the match, but he made full amends after half-time, when he proved altogether too clever for the Scottish. He has never been quite speedy enough for an England wing, but one has seen many worse centres wearing the rose.

“LINE-OUT.”

AIR EDDIES

(continued from p. 504)

Investigation Department should be made known.

Another point in Captain Lamplugh's speech was a warning about the high tension cables that are being run over the



THE GIFT A MAN APPRECIATES

There's
no
use
Talking—
TASTE
IT!

To know that you could give no better Whisky—one that is 12 years old—with the true Highland flavour about it—that is the satisfaction to be derived from the giving of M.L.; a satisfaction that is second only to that of the appreciative recipient.

Not quite as old but almost as good is Mackinlay's V.O.B.

Both M.L. and V.O.B. are obtainable in 3, 6, or 12 bottle cases.

Mackinlay's SCOTCH WHISKIES

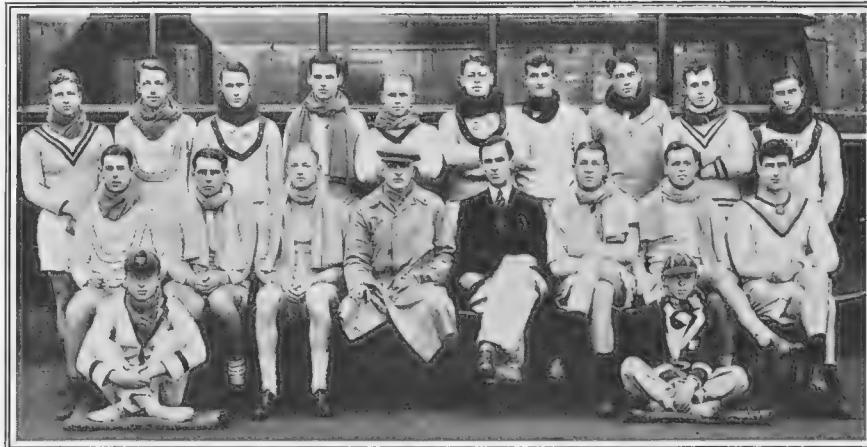
CHAS. MACKINLAY & CO.,
Distillers: LEITH, and at TRAFALGAR HOUSE,
WATERLOO PLACE, LONDON, S.W.1.
(Established 1820)

country. They are dangerous to flyers because they cannot always be seen from the air in conditions of bad visibility when it is particularly important that they should be seen. I doubt if the Air Ministry realizes what a danger to flying these cables will constitute, otherwise it would be less ready to fall in with all the proposals of the Electricity Commissioners.

My ill-advised attempts at biography for aviators, last week, have brought swift retribution in the form of a letter, undated, with no address and unsigned, containing the following:

Sir Alliott V. Roe
Received a terrible blow,
When the Home Secretary told him that the Saro Cloud
Wasn't allowed.

I hope that no other of my readers will feel impelled to send me contributions on this line. Or, if they do, I hope that they will give me their names and addresses so that the blame may be justly apportioned.

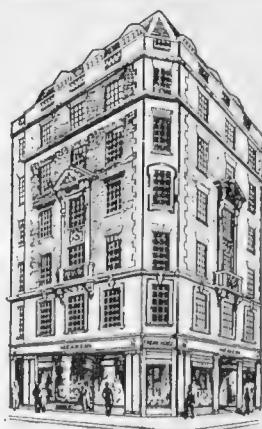


THE CAMBRIDGE TRIALS CREWS AND COACHES

The “A” and “B” crews from which the Varsity one will eventually emerge. A group taken after the conclusion of the trials

The names, from left to right, are: Back row—A. W. Anstey, St. J. Gogarty, M. Russell, R. H. H. Symonds, R. F. Ohlsen, G. Gray, J. I. Moore, F. M. Symonds, J. S. Sergel, S. R. Foster; second row—L. Luxton, W. A. Prideaux, R. N. Rickett, Sir H. Howard, T. A. Brockbank (President Boat Club and coach), P. N. Carpmael, D. Haig Thomas, R. B. F. Wylie; on ground—C. D. Eberstein (cox) and J. M. Ranking



Friday House,
CHEAPSIDE, E.C.2

MEAKERS

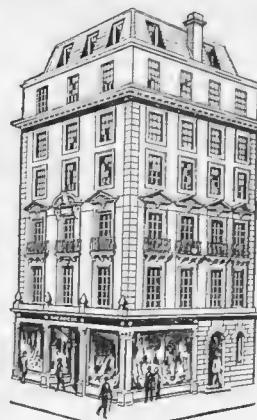
TWO SUPER STORES

for

MEN'S XMAS GIFTS

PICCADILLY & CHEAPSIDE

Here you will find probably the best selection of Men's Wear Gifts in London

47-48,
PICCADILLY, W.1

There are also fine selections
of Gifts for Men at all the
Meakers Shops



THE LAST LIGHT BLUE RUGGER TRIAL

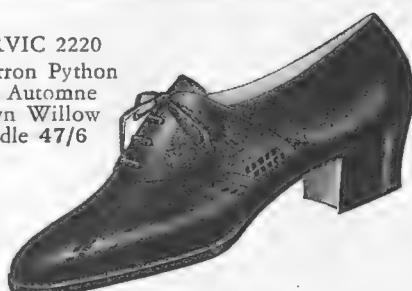


R. S. Crisp

CAMBRIDGE v. MR. GREENWOOD'S XV

This was the last trial gallop before the 'Varsity match, and the University lost by 20 points to 16, but were minus Smeddle, Marr, and Tanner, and a further misfortune was when Collison had to leave the field injured five minutes before half time. The names of the combined teams, left to right, are: Back row—L. H. Collison, W. D. B. Hopkins, J. W. Train, T. E. Jones-Davies, G. E. Valentine, D. Allen, A. M. Dixon; middle row—G. H. Bailey, H. E. Carris, P. T. Cooper, A. C. Lusty, R. Hopwood, A. R. Ramsay, G. B. Coghlan, C. H. Williams, D. Crichton-Miller, J. L. H. Phillips, A. L. Ashford, F. W. Simpson; front row—A. W. Walker, J. S. R. Reeve, G. M. Greenwood, H. M. Bowcott, J. A. Tallent, W. E. Tucker, J. E. Greenwood, J. J. A. Embledon ('Varsity captain), John Roberts, P. W. P. Brook, B. R. Turnbull, and J. G. Askew

NORVIC 2220
In Marron Python
with Automne
Brown Willow
Saddle 47/6



NORVIC Sports Shoes

THE sports type shoe is very much the vogue this season. In NORVIC there are a most varied and charming collection of styles for both men and women. Craftsmanship and character are essential in sports shoes, and NORVIC shoes are made on bold and handsome lines which give distinction to the feet of men and charm to the feet of women.

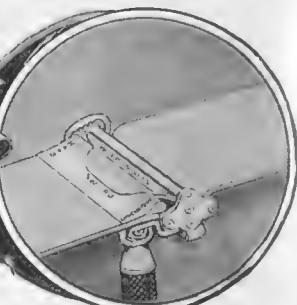
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Complete Sets, 7/6, 10/6

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From the Shires and Provinces

(Continued from p. 472)

to the Hothorpe Hills. The waterlogged pastures brought grief to many, but "the more dirt the less hurt" was well exemplified. "Papillon" took an ugly toss, but gamely remounted. The man who's safety stirrup came off at a fence, with a lump of mud in his eye and wet reins oozing through his fingers on a pulling "quad," was certainly in a tense situation. A fog blanket enveloped the country on the Houghton day, when a specially large field drawn from all ends of Leicestershire thronged the straggling village street awaiting events. The conference at the Rose and Crown decided to have a try round the district for a clearer patch, but that not materializing there was nothing for it but home. The Pytchley Joint Master and several others from "the cut-em-downs" were sadly disappointed.

Friday at Stanton Wyville was disastrous for two of our company, one losing a valuable hunter through accident, while another had the uncomfortable experience of his horse dropping dead in a field.

From the Heythrop

On Monday, at Great Tew, it was just about as wet as it could be and no wetter. Most of the toppers and red-coats were discarded for pot-hats and ratcatcher, even the Red Lions from Stow appearing in sheep's clothing. The gentleman who got stuck in the ditch thought the Happy Valley should be renamed, and one of the Greys became a dismounted unit, while it is only fair to point out that the elderly gentleman split his sides with a fall and not with laughter. There was only a small field out at New Barn on Wednesday, but quite large enough to lead the Colonel a real dance, a sort of New Barn dance in fact, as people seemed to be pirouetting in all directions. Hounds made a four-mile point in twenty-five minutes, but this was nothing to the point the Colonel made in a very few seconds of cursing the over-riders when he got level with them. Friday, at Moreton-in-Marsh, was a dreadful day; in fact it was almost childish to try and hunt.

From Lincolnshire

The weather broke down badly at the end of November, and hunting was all but brought to a standstill, not by any of the three F.'s—frost, fog, and foot-and-mouth—its worst enemies, but by torrential rains, which, continuing for two whole days, filled rivers and drains to the brim and flooded hundreds of acres of land. *But audaces fortuna juvat!*

The Blankney had a rare stroke of luck on November 27 after meeting at Asgarby, for just before fog descended like a smoke screen,

a tasteful present for him this Xmas!

THE STANDARD
BY WHICH ALL OTHER CIGARS ARE JUDGED

Without harmony it may be a cigar—but not LA CORONA CORONA. That is why LA CORONA CORONA is alone in quality. Every factor necessary in a really good Havana cigar is there. The searching selection of the pick of the tobacco crop . . . the subtle blending . . . the final deft touches of skilful hands . . . each quality adding its quota in perfect harmony until perfection is achieved . . . LA CORONA CORONA permanently sets a standard by which all other cigars are judged . . .

LA CORONA CORONA

Be sure to examine the band. For your protection, every genuine Corona cigar, whether larger or smaller than the Corona size, carries the brand name LA CORONA.

hounds slipped away on an enterprising fox from Sills' Gorse, and did not stop till they reached Aswarby Thorns in Belvoir country, where the fox chanced upon an open earth. A five-mile point in thirty-five minutes with three lines of strongly-fenced railway and heavy plough intervening, was a trying ordeal, especially to the wearer of the top-hat who made a concertina of that article of head-gear over a disgusting post and rails! The less said about week-end hunting the better!

From the Blackmore Vale

Milborne Port was the centre of the hunt on the Tripp's day, the fox visiting Cannon Court, the bus terminus, and Cross House; he knew the ropes so well—he must play bridge! Many were the picnic parties throughout the vale on the Lovington Tuesday, hounds ran to Butleigh and those left at Westwood roosted about the country side and awaited their return. Well, no one could say the Manmead party was a silent one; one unit did rejoin hounds at a quarter to four, in time for the brilliant forty-seven minutes from Yarcombe, via Foddington, Ilchester, and Sparkford Wood; reward enough for any anguish, and vastly appreciated by the few still out. After meeting at Totnel Corner all foxes eventually made for the Cattistock Hills, though the Knowle fox first gave us a "jolly" round Rookery Farm. Immersion in the Mill Reservoir will certainly cool the black's sudden ardour, we were sorry for the jockey. You couldn't see them porpoise-ing for the splash!!

From the York and Ainsty

This week's poetical extract will take the form of a guessing competition:

Fair stately hall, with sandwiches and drink;
Fox vanished 'neath the sticks, as soon as found;
Unwanted hares in park, on Ouse's brink,
And doleful cries of castigated hound.

What day does this refer to? Any reader sending a correct answer to the Editor within a week will receive a coupon entitling him or her to an extra glass of potent champagne at our hunt ball in January.

Our Howden grass country was terribly flooded when the South pack met at Highfield Station on Saturday, November 29, and as our local reporter puts it, David "had out" a small and select field, including a Sinnenberg lady (sampling that country for the first time), the Holderness cuirassier, and our two friends who had bathed with the Bramham the day before. We had a fast though circular twenty minutes over the grass between Spaldington and the Foulness, followed by another gallop from Caville Wood.



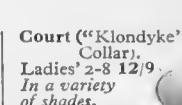
Give them all Slippers for Christmas

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Everyone will mean "Thank you" if you give Glastonburys.



Albert (Soft self sole).
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In a variety of shades.



Glastonburys

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So many things, given at Christmas, are old before Big Ben signals the arrival of the New Year. There is one gift that will give enduring happiness—a gramophone bearing upon its nameplate the famous trade mark 'Decca.' Behind the name 'Decca' is the success of pioneers. First in the field with a portable gramophone—the most popular type to-day—Decca have been to the fore at every stage of gramophone development. The instrument you give—or buy for your own pleasure—will provide you with gramophone music at its best next Christmas, the Christmas after . . . for many years. How far ahead is Decca design you can readily prove—by a side-by-side test—at your dealer's.

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White Bottle, Patent Sprinkler, and Bulb
Spray in Box,
6/6 and 10/6

CAR CAMEOS

The 20-h.p. Armstrong Siddeley (Coach-built Saloon)

I do not think that its most intensely competitive rival would grudge me stating that quite one of the most outstanding makes of car in the whole automobile firmament is the Armstrong Siddeley. As, indeed, it thoroughly deserves to be, for its sponsors, who have all along been original in their ideas, have now completely proved that they were right in breaking away from conventional gearbox practice. The doubting die-hard must now confess that the pre-selective self-changing gear has marked an era in car development, and that it is certain to exercise a very wide influence.

As for me I confess that the thing is simply fascinating. It gives me the conviction that I shall never be able again to use the ancient crow-bar system of gear change without feeling that it is utterly out-of-date and unnecessarily clumsy. No wonder that, according to rumour, numerous engineers are working on alternative methods of automatic gear-changing, for in the not-distant future all cars will have to have this principle.

To get used to the Armstrong driving technique is a matter of a few minutes only. Thereafter it is all bliss. Up and down you go from one gear to another, silently, certainly, and jerklessly without the exercise of any thought or muscular effort. After a little practice you mechanically get into the habit of putting the steering-wheel lever against the notch of the gear you will next be likely to require, so that you are ready for any emergency.



THE 20-H.P. ARMSTRONG SIDDELEY (COACH-BUILT SALOON)

In traffic work it is a great comfort to have "medium" engaged, all ready for an instant get away whilst the gear is really in "neutral," so that the clutch has not to be kept out. Again this same neutral is there to provide a free-wheel effect down a long favourable slope, and you have the pleasant knowledge that when the time comes the power can be reconnected with no gnashing of teeth.

On all the indirect ratios the four-speed Armstrong gear is deliciously quiet. There is a slight moan of pinions on first and second but nothing to which exception could possibly be taken. In ordinary running, the car as a whole is beautifully noiseless.

The model which I tried was brand-new from the factory, and at first I was inclined to think it was a shade sluggish in acceleration on top. But this was where it was just a gay deceiver, for according to the evidence of the watch it was by no means so. As to absolute maximum speed on the flat I cannot testify, but I should put it at a good seventy. On a long "give and take" run I found I had with ease averaged a much higher speed than I had expected

—and that is a very pleasing feature which few cars can boast. My passengers, both fore and aft, were loud in their praises of its comfort, and really I don't see how anyone could want to travel in greater luxury. The suspension is wonderfully efficient, and the seating ample, soft, and well designed. This, by the way, is a really full-sized car, holding five full-sized people with plenty of room for all.

The only criticism I have to make is that there is no temperature control. The day was bleak, and I have a fancy that if the engine had been hotter it would have been still more lively.





A GIFT THAT WILL PLEASE

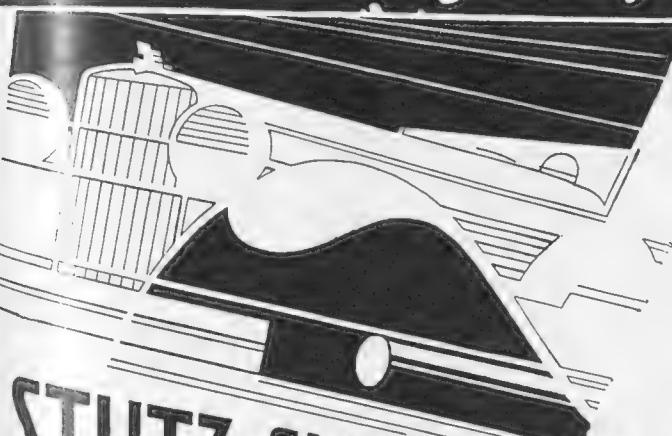
There's not a gift in the world that your motoring friends will appreciate so much as a set of K-L-G. Plugs. Give a set this Christmas to all your motoring friends.

K-L-G

"FIT AND FORGET" K-L-G. PLUGS



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New York to Los Angeles, by 6 hours 47 minutes.
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MOTOR NOTES AND NEWS

Travelling 3,220 miles in the rocketing time of 60 hr. 51 min. a stock Stutz, piloted by E. G. ("Cannon Ball") Baker, clipped 6 hr. 47 min. off the previous one-way transcontinental record made last August, and hung up a new mark which motoring authorities believe



MR. F. A. M. H. VINCENT, C.I.E., C.B.E., M.V.O.

Late Commissioner of Police of Bombay, who is here seen with one of the latest Humber "Snipes," used to act as an official in connection with motor trials in India, and, as correspondence in the motor journals of 1902-1905 proved, he had then as now great faith in the British-built car, arguing that no special type was necessary for India. Mr. Vincent was then the owner of a 1902 Humber, which is seen inset above

will stand for years. In a telegram just received by Colonel E. S. Gorrell, president of the Stutz Motor Car Company of America, Baker, whose first cross-country record was made in 1915 with a Stutz, warmly congratulated the manufacturer, and declared that the car whizzed across the finish line in perfect condition. The Baker-Stutz 1915 crossing required 11 days 7 hr. 15 min. and the present record is a tribute to modern engineering and smooth highways. Baker's Stutz left New York

at 8.30 p.m. Monday evening eastern time, and arrived in Los Angeles, Thursday morning, at 6.21 a.m. Pacific time, making the journey in sixteen hours less than the fastest limited trains. His route led through Wheeling, W. Va., Columbus, O., Indianapolis, Fort Dodge, Kan., Flagstaff, Ariz., and Los Innas, N.M. The exact mileage of the route is 3,018½ miles, but detours increased this over two hundred. Starting and finishing times were checked officially by Western Union. As a demonstration of stock car performance and endurance Baker announces that this new record stands as the high point of his career of twenty years of such tests. At each contact point where the "Cannon Ball" stopped for fuel or food he took time to wire the factory, and his terse comments were always the same, "Motor performing faultlessly."

In the past K.L.G. plugs have found very great favour as the ideal gift at this time of the year for those who have motoring friends—a thought that expresses the discriminating taste of the donor and a compliment to the recipient. Gift sets of four K.L.G.'s are obtainable at all good garages and in the motor departments of the big stores packed in a specially-constructed metal container that forms a most useful permanent spare plug-carrier at 24s. for any 6s. type of K.L.G., or 30s. for any 7s. 6d. type of K.L.G. Most motorists would more than appreciate such a gift at any time of year, but at Yuletide, with the increasing tendency towards gifts of real utility, there is no more inexpensive and appropriate motoring gift than this.



"WHEN GREEK MEETS GREEK"

At the Bell Inn, Hurley, a little-known beauty spot hidden in the Berkshire downs, the passing motorist may still obtain genuine old-time fare. Here is shown a chance encounter between two Ford drivers who have come to sample rural hospitality amid delightful surroundings

THE WESSEX THREE-ENGINED SIX-SEATER BRITISH MONOPLANE



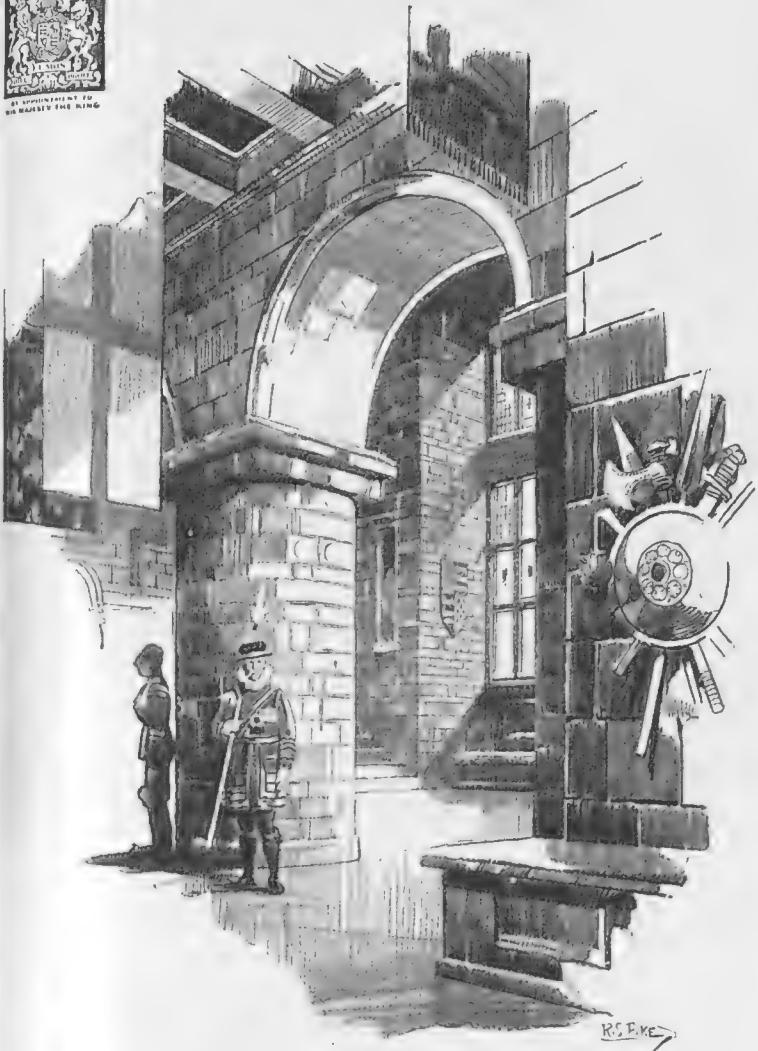
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too, are Air Line standards of safety — adequate structural strength and three engines, on any two of which flight can be maintained. The "Wessex" is not designed for the hardy and the reckless. It is built for the discriminating few who demand the comfort of a yacht, the convenience of a car, the high cruising speed of an aircraft. No higher tribute has been paid the S.A.B.E.N.A. air lines regular passenger and mail services.





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Tradition is a justification for pride. Therefore great is our pride in Castrol, for its traditions are long and honourable. The first Atlantic flights by aeroplane and airship . . . the fastest oil on land and water . . . the Royal Warrant of Appointment.

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HENRY KENDALL,

the clever young actor, now appearing in "A Murder Has Been Arranged," at the St. James's Theatre, writes :—

FOR the last year all my recent roles have involved sheer exhausting physical strain, on top of the mental effort required, with the result that I have had no opportunity for even the briefest holiday, and I began to feel listless, rundown, 'nervy,' and irritable with myself and everybody else. A fellow-actor presented me with a bottle of Phosferine and urged me to take it. I was reluctant to do so, because I thought it was 'just one of those tonics,' but after a day of particularly strenuous rehearsals I determined to try it. I am thankful I did. After the first few doses my vitality returned. Now I regard Phosferine as not 'one of those tonics,' but as the *only* tonic which can be relied upon to restore and increase nervous and physical energy. For more than a year now Phosferine has kept me splendidly fit, without a trace of tired nerves, and with the vigour to get through twice as much work." Cambridge Theatre, W.

From the very first day you take PHOSFERINE you will gain new confidence, new life, new endurance. It makes you eat better, and sleep better, and you will look as fit as you feel. Phosferine is given to the children with equally good results.

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From Chemists. Tablets and Liquid. The 3/- size contains nearly four times the quantity of the 1/3 size.

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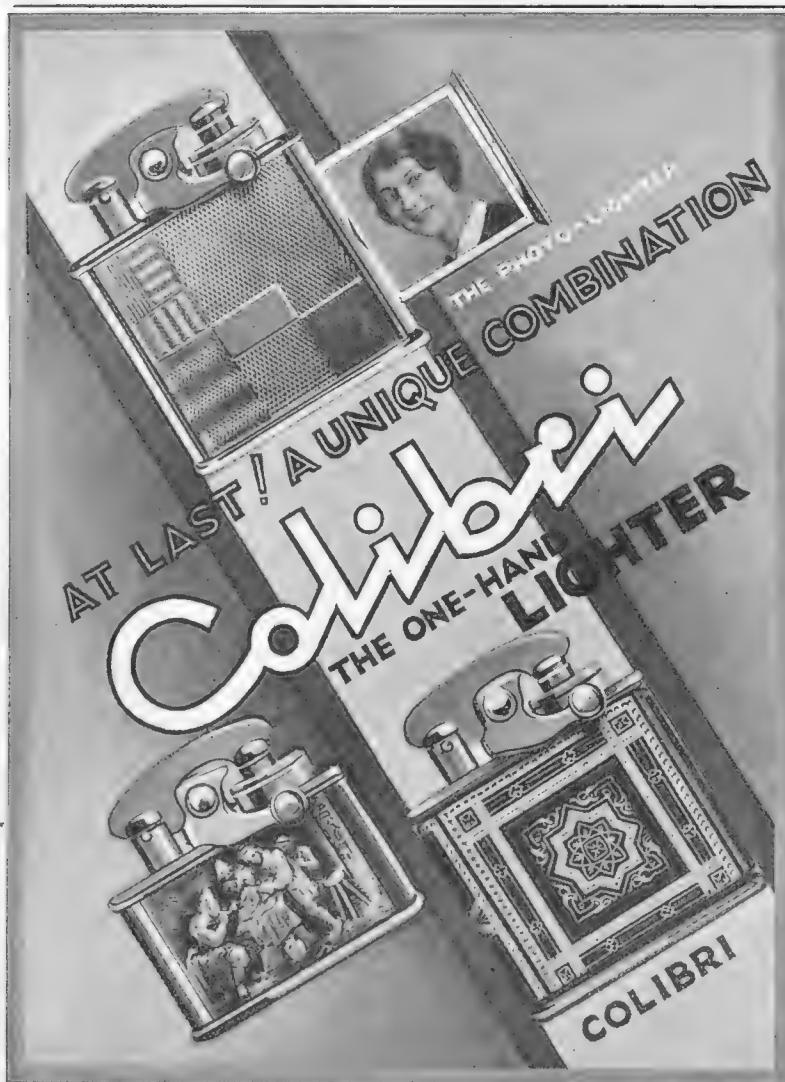
Aldwych

THE "RAILWAY" BALL AT COVENT GARDEN

THE MARQUESS OF DONEGALL
AND LADY DUNN

MRS. PHILIP KINDERSLEY, MRS. SIDNEY VAN DEN BERGH, MRS. HUBERT BROWNING, AND MRS. NICHOLAS PRINSEP

Some of those who have done a lot of hard work in connection with the 800,000 half-crowns appeal for Kensington, Fulham, and Chelsea General Hospital in aid of which the "Railway" Ball takes place at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, on December 11 (Thursday). H.R.H. Princess Marie Louise is the patron, and the Marquess of Carisbrooke is President and Chairman of the Building Committee. Lady Dunn is the Vice-Chairman of the Entertainment Committee, and most of the ladies in the right-hand picture are on the General Committee. There is to be a midnight pageant of famous trains and their destinations—hence "The Railway Ball."



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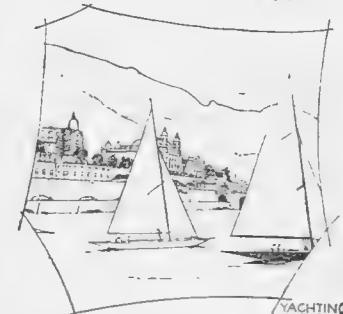
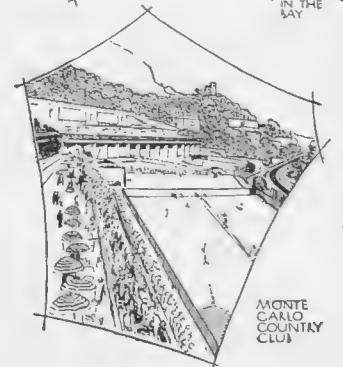
where sunshine
is assured!

SEASON'S EVENTS

33

NNUMERABLE AND NOVEL
ATTRACTIOMS—will be organised
throughout the Winter, surpassing
anything previously held.MONTE CARLO COUNTRY CLUB—
with its twenty-one perfect courts,
the Mecca of tennis enthusiasts.MONT AGEL GOLF CLUB—open all
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AUTOMOBILE EVENTS IN EUROPE
—THE AUTOMOBILE RALLY, for
which over 100 cars started last
year. THE ELEGANCE COMPETI-
TION, and the GRAND PRIX OF
MONACO—for speed.OPERA—Under the management of
Raoul Gunsbourg, and under the
patronage of H.S.H. Prince Louis of
Monaco, from January to April.MUSIC—Classical and modern,
under the leadership of Paul Paray.
The most selective on the Continent.THEATRICAL ENTERTAINMENTS AND
BALLETTS from November to Janu-
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M. René Blum.HOTELS—the principal ones of
which have undergone notable
improvements and are renowned
for their comfort and all-round
excellence.

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Open throughout
the yearYACHTING
IN THE BAYMONTE
CARLO
COUNTRY
CLUB

THE MONTE CARLO BEACH AND HOTEL



Notes from Here and There

Friends of the Poor, 42, Ebury Street, S.W. 1, ask your sympathy for a family of five who are in temporary difficulties. The father, a very superior man, was works manager of a motor firm, earning a good salary and keeping his wife and children in a nice little home. A few months ago he was discharged through decrease of staff, and since that time he has been searching in vain for work. He does not receive the dole and the whole family have been existing on 18s. weekly earned by the wife and a few gifts collected by the vicar of the parish. The children are being well educated at a superior school and every sacrifice is made to meet their fees and bring them up decently. All the mother's little trinkets are sold and they have only the bare necessities of life, but their fortunes are improving, for at last the father has a post in view. In the new year he will be taken on by a firm, but until then they will be in desperate need and we plead for £9 to help them with food, fires, and their few weeks' arrears of rent. Please help this very deserving family.

* * *

There is an almost embarrassing choice of diaries issued by Charles Letts, for they cater for every personal eccentricity, for every hobby, for every calling, and indeed for everyone. Charles Letts' diaries are fully strong enough for a year's use, and the bindings show an infinite variety to fit (and suit) every pocket. They are eminently "presentable," and as Christmas Day is so helpfully placed a few days before the New Year, diaries as Christmas gifts are specially welcome. Among pocket diaries in every size and colour there are those especially designed for the schoolboy and schoolgirl, scout, and guide, motorist, and motor-cyclist, golfer, and many others, so that the least imaginative of people will find in them "a present" with a future. All contain the usual £2,000 accident insurance coupon, and nearly all have a new patent practical book-marker, which can also be used as a season-ticket holder or pocket for stamps, visiting cards, etc., so that the conclusion of the whole matter is that everyone needs a diary.

* * *

For the happiness of the complete entertainmnet in the home during the Christmas and New Year festivities there can be nothing so good as a

selection from the very generous supply of His Master's Voice gramophone records just issued. As an example of a fireside programme one could assemble the guests with the orchestra playing the tit-bits from two of London's latest musical comedies, *Little Tommy Tucker* and *Nippy*. John Henry and his assistants are really funny as the worst possible rehearsers of carols, and John Henry's slow Yorkshire delivery of quick jokes will keep the party in a happy frame of mind. Before the kiddies go to bed they must hear "Uncle George's Party" in merry old British nursery jingles, a veritable parlour pantomime, and also "An English Christmas," with the waits in the distance and father and mother trying to get the babes to bed before the mystic arrival of presents. A unique record is provided by the New Mayfair Orchestra supplying the lively airs for all to gambol at musical chairs. No longer is it necessary for anyone to sit out to vamp at the piano, because this, His Master's Voice invention, not only provides the tunes for the game but there are automatic pauses for the losers to be sorted out. While we rest, the ever welcome Gracie Fields will amuse us with the broad humour of "Over the Garden Wall," a Lancashire gem from the great comedienne. As an interlude one can call upon that magician of the violin, De Groot, who, with Herbert Dawson at the organ, renders "Because," and "A Perfect Day," with such clarity of every elegant note that the illusion is created of the artist being in the room. Next you invite Sir Harry Lauder across the threshold and you have the Scottish singing comedian at his ripest and richest, both in voice and jest, in the appealing "Somebody's Waiting for Me" and the swinging "O'er the Hills to Ardentenny," with his bubbling laugh and homely chatter. A wizard of speed and certainty is Michele Ortuso on the banjo with two gay pieces, "Teasin' the Frets" and "Lollipops." Jack Hylton and his Orchestra have made three special selections for this period of the year. There are "Still More Old Songs," compelling you to sing the whole round dozen; rollicking "Drinking Songs," which are quite irresistible, and six of the immortal "Memories of Sullivan," sprightly, but naturally in quieter mood. If another selection is needed there are gems from everybody's operas such as *The Bohemian Girl* and *Maritana*. We ring down the fireside curtain by calling upon our Empire ballad singer, Peter Dawson, to lead us in "Auld Lang Syne," the noblest of goodnight classics.



Stage Photo Co.
MISS MARGARET CAMPBELL

Who is playing the name-part in a new all-British musical comedy entitled "Daphne," which is now on trial in the leading provincial towns. Later it will come to the West End. Miss Campbell has played leading parts at several London Theatres in musical comedy

Prevent Colds

"... I did **not** have 'flu last year and put it down to Formamint. When I hear others have colds I take Formamint at once."

Miss R.B.—W.



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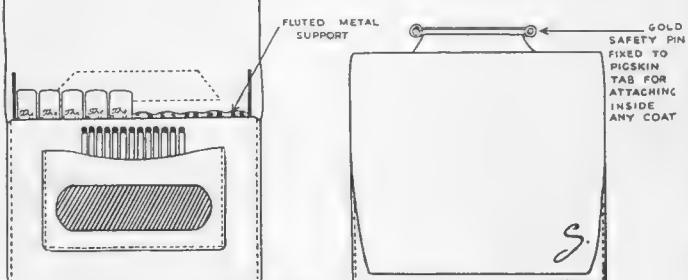
WULFING BRAND

protects you against
Influenza, Diphtheria
and other infectious diseases.

At all Chemists, 2/6 per bottle.

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FOR HUNTING, SKI-ING, Etc.



CAPTIVE CIGARETTE CASE

PATENT APPLIED FOR. MADE IN ENGLAND.

TO BE FIXED INSIDE ANY COAT.

A cigarette can be extracted and lit in a moment with one hand.

The fluted metal support prevents remainder from falling sideways.

IN PIGSKIN ONLY.

17/6 AND 21/-
(Initials as required).

INVENTOR AND DISTRIBUTOR:

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When good food and
good wine abound,
Castillon will never be
forgotten, for the man
with a palate for a
Brandy of ripe maturity
knows that Castillon is
a worthy Cognac, dis-
tilled and matured in
the Cognac district, and
enjoys it with due rever-
ence.



BRANDY AT ITS VERY BEST!

Willing

G.C. 44

Five more reasons why men drink—



You know the five famous reasons why—

"Some wine, a friend, or being dry,
Or lest they may be, by and by.
Or any other reason why!"

Well, Rose's Cocktail Snaps make five more of them. Flavour your cocktails with these five pure, super concentrated non-alcoholic fruit essences—taste and succumb to their spell—never before did they possess such sparkle, charm and vitality. No wonder cocktails are so much to the fore this season.

Rose's Cocktail Snaps are sold for 9/6 the set of five in a box with a bright little recipe book, by Grocers, Wine Merchants. Fortnum & Mason's, Selfridge's, Harrods, Victoria Wine Co., etc.

ROSE'S COCKTAIL SNAPS

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SHARP'S WORLD-FAMOUS LAMBSKIN FOOTWEAR

Assupplied by them to the ROYAL PALACES

Reduction in prices. For Xmas Presents and the cold season for warmth and comfort they have no equal. The cold cannot penetrate where lovely soft Lambskins abound. Be one amongst the many to enjoy their salubrious effect, a deadly enemy to chilblain, rheumatism and neuritis.

Prices: Ladies' Slippers, 18/6

Gents' slippers, 21/-

Bootkins covering

Ankles—

Ladies' - - 21/-

Gents' - - 23/6

Sleeping Boots—

The Slipping

Boots are a new innovation and the demands for same are great.

Ladies' - - 19/6

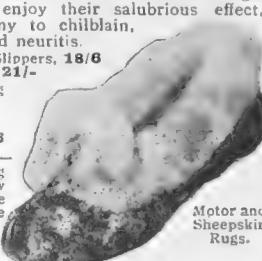
Gents' - - 21/-

Footmuffs 29/6, admitting both feet. Lambskin

soles, 2/- per pair. Gloves, lined Lambskin, 15/6

Catalogue on application. Numerous Testimonials.

SHARP & CO., STARBECK, HARROGATE



Motor and
Sheepskin
Rugs.

PRINCES HOTEL BRIGHTON



Situated in Hove,
overlooking the
famous lawns, and
in easy reach of
four Golf courses.

Princes Hotel
offers the maxi-
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charming self-
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of Rooms and the
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SINGLE OR DOUBLE ROOMS WITH & WITHOUT PRIVATE BATHROOMS.
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Telegrams: Princes Hotel, Brighton.



Growing time is Benger time

Children grow most rapidly at the time they are studying hardest. To avoid the ever-present danger of eager and over anxious scholars outgrowing their strength, Doctors advise giving extra nourishment in that best of all forms—Benger's Food.

Growing time is Benger time. During this all-important period, see that your children, especially those who are over-growing or backward, have a cupful of Benger's Food. Serve it at lunch time in addition to ordinary food, and at bed time.

"I have a Home for young and delicate children and every fresh child which comes under my care is at once put on a diet of Benger's Food."

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BENGER'S Food
for INFANTS,
INVALIDS and the AGED.

TRADE MARK

Write for the Benger's Food Booklet containing many valuable hints to mothers with backward children—post free.

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Further particulars and advice will be sent upon application to Dept. T.R.

The Agent-General for

BRITISH COLUMBIA

British Columbia House, 1/3, Regent Street, London, S.W.1

Live in British Columbia

When you retire, live in British Columbia—a land of health-giving sunshine and wonderful scenery.

75% of the population of British Columbia is British. Low taxation (a married man with 2 dependents with an income of £1,000 pays only £13 tax) moderate living costs, and low succession duties are attractive inducements offered by the Province.

A large variety of pursuits is open to the Sportsman including Golfing, Fishing, Yachting, Motoring, Big Game Hunting, etc.

CHRISTMAS APPEALS

The Shaftesbury Homes and *Arethusa* Training Ship have acquired Esher Place, Esher, as a Home for 180 girls, and make an urgent appeal for £5,000 which is needed to complete the purchase and adapt the house for its new use. In this Home every girl is given the best tuition in domestic duties such as cooking, laundry, needlework, etc., so that even when a girl chooses a different career from domestic service she has been given an insight into those duties so essential to home happiness. Most of the girls go into domestic service, but some, however, have turned out well as teachers, dressmakers, milliners, etc. The Society also has Homes for boys at Bisley, Orpington, Royston, and Twickenham, a Technical School and Working Boys' Hostel in London, and the Training Ship, *Arethusa*, at Greenwich; 1,100 children are always under the Society's care. Contributions will be gratefully received by the General Secretary, 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

Hope is a great boon, yet life for many is almost without it. Often one reads of an out-of-work man dead by his own hand—because there seems no hope of work. It is the influence of the Church Army that brings renewed Hope to these human derelicts. It is helping men, women, and children. This work is of an evangelistic order and it operates throughout the world. Hundreds of evangelists and sisters of the Church Army, working under the direct guidance of the Clergy, go out into the world to face overwhelming odds on behalf of the homeless, the needy, the criminal, and the sick. The Church Army will again this year distribute hundreds of Christmas parcels to the poorest of the poor; it will organize Christmas dinner parties throughout this country, and its invitation will extend to countless men, women, and children who otherwise might face a bare table. The parcels of food will each cost 10s., while £5 will provide for ten families; the Christmas dinners will cost the Church Army more money, yet it is already making preparations, feeling sure that its work will be recognized by a sympathetic and understanding public. Prebendary Carlile, C.H., D.D., will gladly acknowledge gifts in money sent to 55, Bryanston Street, London, W.1.

The Cancer Hospital (Free), Fulham Road, S.W.3, is engaged in treating patients by the latest approved methods and carrying on at the same time an unremitting research into the causes and possible cure of cancer. The hospital is staffed by eminent surgeons, physicians, pathologists, and researchers, and no expense is spared in providing the most up-to-date appliances. There can be no question, therefore, that every penny given to the Cancer Hospital (Free) is a contribution to the alleviation of suffering and to much-needed and very necessary research work. Poor patients are admitted free without letters or payment, and a number of beds are provided for advanced cases who may remain for life. The Cancer Hospital (Free), Fulham Road, London, must raise £150,000 immediately to pay for an entirely new Radiological Block and other much-needed extensions which will add eighty beds to the hospital. Please send cheques crossed "Coutts and Co.", to the Secretary at the hospital.

Thousands of little children are looking forward to the early visit of Father Christmas. His happy influence is already being felt in countless homes, whilst his store of gifts will bring joy to many little hearts. At Christmas time all would seem well for children, yet there are many little ones who will wake to a cheerless Christmas morn. The National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, which all the year round is the guardian of defenceless children, is in touch even at this time with cases of neglect and injustice which would evoke the active sympathy of every reader. It is exerting every effort on their behalf, rescuing children from brutality, ignorance, neglect, and often moral dangers. Victory House, Leicester Square, is the aptly-named hub of this splendid cause, and a special appeal is made this Christmas for donations.

The Church of England Waifs and Strays Society is one whose appeal both at Christmas and at any and every other time of the year ought not, and, as we know, does not fall upon deaf ears, for its very nature forbids that it should do so. It works for the little unfortunates who are cast adrift in the world to shift for themselves, and well indeed does it do this work of mercy. The Society's present family totals 4,783, of whom 2,558 are boys and 2,225 girls; some of these are babies and others are cripples. The homes in different parts of England and Wales number 108, and special training is given in some of these. In addition the Society has three homes in Canada. A number of the younger children are boarded out with foster-parents in country villages under careful supervision. After-care is an important feature of the Society's work, and there is guidance and help for those members of the family who have passed out into the world. The Society's address is Old Town Hall, Kennington Road, London, S.E.11.

The British Sailors' Society which is appealing for funds to help its work all over the world—at Christmas, is one whose good deeds deserve to be written in letters of gold. Sailors are helped with homes the world over, with port missionaries and chaplains ready and eager to serve all who follow the sea. Sailors' orphans are maintained and trained, sailors in distress relieved, and grants made to sailors' widows. British officers and boys are trained for the British Merchant Navy. Ocean libraries for sea-going ships, lighthouses, and lightships are established.

The Royal Northern Group of Hospitals consists of the Royal Northern Hospital, Holloway; the Royal Chest Hospital, City Road; Grovelands Hospital of Recovery, Old Southgate; and the Reckitt Convalescent Home, Clacton-on-Sea; and with 400 beds provides the largest General Hospital Service in North London. Its district covers over seventy square miles, and during 1929 5,752 in-patients were received, and the enormous number of 264,816 out-patient attendances dealt with. To maintain these services an annual income of £98,600 must be raised. Of this amount, less than 5 per cent. is assured from endowments. Donations, subscriptions, and legacies towards the work of the group, in whose area lie some of the poorest districts of London, would be gratefully acknowledged by the Secretary, Gilbert G. Panter, Royal Northern Hospital, N.7.

Christmas—Yes!
but
"Mummy's
gone."



THE WAIFS & STRAYS SOCIETY

HAS NEARLY 4,800 SUCH
LITTLE ONES IN ITS CARE.

PLEASE SEND THEM
A CHRISTMAS GIFT

to the Secretary, REV. A. J. WESTCOTT, D.D.,
Old Town Hall, Kennington, London, S.E.11.

Cheques, etc., crossed "Barclays" and payable "Waifs and Strays."



A
Corner
of
one
of
the
Labora-
tories.

The Two-fold Work for Cancer Calls for Further Extensions

The Cancer Hospital (Free) is the first special hospital in London devoted to Cancer Treatment and Research. It is equipped with the most up-to-date appliances. Poor patients are admitted free. In addition to the accommodation for operable cases in the early stages of the disease, a certain number of beds are provided for advanced cases who may remain for life. Numbers of cases from all parts of the world attend the Radiological Department where the latest approved methods of treatment are applied.

An Urgent Appeal is made for £150,000 for a new Radiological block and other extensions which will add eighty beds to the hospital; and also for radium. Please send cheques, crossed Coutts & Co., to the Secretary.

The Cancer Hospital (FREE) (Incorporated under Royal Charter)

FULHAM ROAD, LONDON, S.W.3.

Bankers: Coutts & Co., 440, Strand. Secretary: J. Courtney Buchanan.



The SAILOR at CHRISTMAS

HE makes your Christmas possible. But what of his? Many seamen who cannot be by their own firesides will be

WELL ENTERTAINED

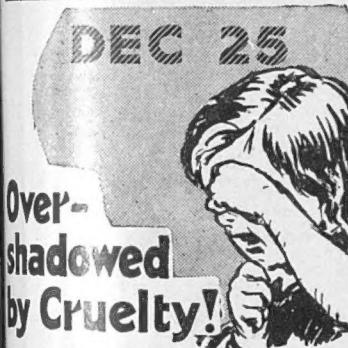
at British Sailors' Society Homes and Hostels in over 100 world ports. Seamen's WIDOWS and ORPHANS, LIGHTHOUSE KEEPERS and LIGHTSHIPS' CREWS will share in this hospitality.

PLEASE HELP—and, as many of our Sailors' Homes are in far distant lands—kindly send your "Christmas Cheer" gift to-day to

THE BRITISH SAILORS' SOCIETY

ESTABLISHED 1818

Hon. Treasurer: Sir Ernest W. Glover, Bart. General Secretary: Herbert E. Barker. 880, COMMERCIAL ROAD, LONDON, E.14



DO you realise that there are very many little children who exist in daily misery? Tortured bodily and mentally... barely covered... pinched and hungry... Christmas for them is not a happy time.

It is to lessen their sufferings that The N.S.P.C.C. makes a plea at this Season—the Children's Festival. The Society is restraining cruelty, enlightening ignorant parents and guardians, and befriending the helpless.

IT IS IN YOUR POWER to help. Will you do so NOW in memory of your own joyful childhood?

CHRISTMAS GIFTS will be gratefully received by William J. Elliott, Director, The National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, Victory House, Leicester Square, London, W.C.2

N·S·P·C·C

IMPERIAL CANCER RESEARCH FUND

Patron—HIS MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY THE KING.
President—HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF BEDFORD, K.G.
Chairman of the Executive Committee—
SIR HUMPHRY ROLLESTON, Bart., G.C.V.O., K.C.B.
Hon. Treasurer—SIR GEORGE MAKINS, G.C.M.G., C.B.
Director—Dr. J. A. MURRAY, F.R.S.

The Honorary Treasurer desires to thank those who have hitherto supported this fund by their donations and subscriptions.

The object of the Research is for the good not only of the whole British Empire, but of the whole world.

The scope of the work embraces systematic and detailed investigation of Cancer as it occurs in the human race and in the vertebrate animal kingdom.

Our recent Researches have undoubtedly advanced our knowledge of Cancer, and it is not too much to hope that the further prosecution of the investigations will ultimately yield results of the greatest importance on the nature and treatment of the disease.

Donations and Subscriptions may be sent to the Honorary Treasurer, 8-11, Queen Square, London, W.C.1, or may be paid to the Westminster Bank, Limited, Marylebone Branch, 1, Stratford Place, London, W., A/c Imperial Cancer Research Fund.

FORM OF BEQUEST.

I hereby bequeath the sum of £ to the Treasurer of the Imperial Cancer Research Fund under the direction of the Royal College of Physicians of London and the Royal College of Surgeons of England, 8-11, Queen Square, Bloomsbury, London, W.C.1, for the purpose of Scientific Research, and I direct that his receipt shall be a good discharge for such legacy.

THE LARGEST HOSPITAL IN NORTH LONDON

Last year there were 405 beds in constant use. 5,752 in-patients and 264,816 out-patients were treated. £19,000 is desperately needed before the End of the Year for maintenance only. A Gift to help the necessitous sick in the Hospital's huge area will be gratefully acknowledged by the Secretary.



Recognised as a Training School for Nurses.

There is being built a private Hospital Block for paying patients. This new Block will be the most up-to-date of its kind in London.

Gilbert G. Panter,
Secretary.

The Spirit of Giving is the Joy of Christmas

THE SHAFESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

have acquired Esher Place, Esher, as a home for 150 girls, and make an urgent appeal for £5,000, which is needed to complete the purchase and adapt the house for its new use.

YOU MOTHERS AND FATHERS, with children of your own, if only you could see some of the homes in which children live, you would be amazed that such things could exist to-day.

Please send a gift, and make your own Christmas-time happier in the knowledge of having helped others.

"BLESSINGS FOLLOW GIFTS"

The Society has also Homes for boys at Bisley, Orpington, Royston and Twickenham, a Technical School and Working Boys' Hostel in London, and the Training Ship "Arethusa" at Greenhithe.

Patrons: THEIR MAJESTIES THE KING and QUEEN; H.R.H. PRINCESS MARY, COUNTESS OF HAREWOOD; FIELD-MARSHAL H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT, K.G. President: H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES, K.G. Chairman and Treasurer: FRANCIS H. CLAYTON, Esq. Deputy Chairman: LORD DARYNGTON. Chairman of "Arethusa" Committee: HOWSON F. DEVITT, Esq. Secretary: F. BRIAN PELLY, A.F.C.

164, SHAFESBURY AVENUE, LONDON, W.C.2



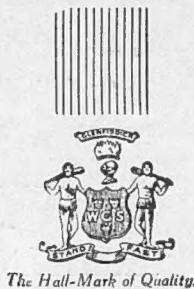
IS THAT MY PARCEL?

FILLED with good things sufficient to last a family over the festive period, the Church Army's parcel is bringing Christmas happiness to many homes in genuine need. Bought in large quantities, each parcel costs 10/-. The retail value is about 14/-.

£5 would provide for 10 families

WILL YOU send a gift NOW to Preb. Carlile, C.H., D.D., Hon. Chief Secretary, 55, Bryanston St., London, W.1

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ness • • subtle bouquet •
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GRANT'S SCOTCH WHISKY •



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Place it gently
on his bedrail...

... where the light will make its fine
silkeness and up-to-date style quickly
apparent. A "Luvicca" shirt (with
collars to match) is not only a gratifying
gift—it wears faultlessly, and
launders without risk or bother. And
there is a fine assortment, in clear, fast
colours, ready for your inspection at
every good retail shop or store.

Would he prefer Pyjamas?—those
marked "Luvicca" are distinguished
for smoothness, wear and tailored style.

"Luvicca"
SHIRTS
PYJAMAS & SOFT COLLARS

LOOK
FOR
THE
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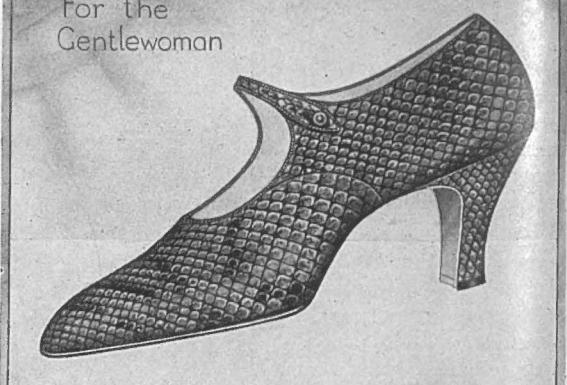
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For the
Gentlewoman



SHOES for
TO-MORROW
BY THE HOUSE OF

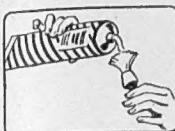
No. 0743 Nightingale shade
in Python Skin—a
shoe which is quite
alone in exclusiveness
and refinement.

45-

ABBOTT
324, OXFORD STREET
(Next to D. H. Evans.)

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MENNEN
WEEKLY
NEWS

Squeeze out a half inch of Mennen.



Lots of water means lots of lather.



Now feel your razor shave quick — without scrape!

SPARE THESE
3 MINUTES . .

You've spent many times 3 minutes shaving in the old fashioned way.

Now for a FAST and CLEANER shave! With Mennen! No finger-rubbing — just your brush. What a snowy, lasting lather you get — and how amazingly it softens every hair. How smoothly your razor glides now! How soft — pliable — your face feels after! And how clean you feel all day long!

Isn't such shaving comfort worth taking the time to buy Mennen Shaving Cream (or the cooler Mennen Mentholized)? Of course it is! Get a tube today!

FASSETT & JOHNSON, LTD.,
86 CLERKENWELL RD., LONDON, E.C.1.

Write for a Mennen Sample Kit containing Mennen Menthol-iced Shaving Cream, Mennen Standard Shaving Cream, Mennen Talcum for men and Mennen Skin Balm. FREE and Post Paid.

MENNEN
SHAVING CREAMTHE
FARRIER'S LUCKY
ASH TRAY

This is the perfect gift for a horseman. A miniature manger forms the ash tray, carrying a horseshoe up-ended for luck. The frog of leather has fastened to it a set of tiny farrier's tools — hammer, pincers, rasp, draw-knife and buffer — forged by hand out of horseshoe nails. The whole tray is the work of Farrier-Sergeant Tom Sprittles, late Royal Artillery, well known to many racing and hunting folk as an expert shoeing smith. No one who loves a forge can resist this fascinating example of the blacksmith's art, and no horseman who receives one can fail to be lucky. Price £3.3.0

There are many other equally novel Xmas Gifts for sportsmen to be seen exclusively at The Sporting Gallery, where Exhibitions of recent pictures by Lionel Edwards, R.I., and Ernest H. Shepard are also on view.

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“Can there be such a world of difference?”

... there can be ... there is

To-day, you may buy an ordinary gramophone ... or the latest “His Master’s Voice” gramophone. Do not confuse them — *they are not similar instruments*. Similar in outward appearance, perhaps. But in tonal quality—totally unlike.

Hear ... compare. Then you will know that music can now be not merely reproduced but re-created ... more real, more vivid, more alive than you can possibly imagine if you have never heard it on “His Master’s Voice.” No other gramophone is built on such advanced acoustic principles ... principles which have revolutionised all previous ideas of musical reproduction. That is why we ask you to read—to accept, our invitation to hear for yourself that there is a world of difference between “His Master’s Voice” and ordinary gramophones. In cost, the difference is not so great. For, now that prices have been reduced, you can buy one of the latest “His Master’s Voice” gramophones for as little as £5. 12. 6.

See List for
New Reduced Prices



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On behalf of our dealers, we issue the following invitation: Your own dealer will be delighted to play your favourite records on any “His Master’s Voice” instrument, making it his particular concern to see that you enjoy this demonstration without embarrassment or obligation.

“His Master’s Voice”

The Gramophone Co., Ltd., London, W.1

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